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"I have on more than one occasion joined in the Rosary with the pope in his Court of the Vatican; I have joined in the Rosary in the cottage of the peasant; I have seen the beads slip through the fingers of the most learned men I ever met; I have seen them in the hands of the ignorant, and I have seen in all the same earnest, unquestioned reverence. Now it appears to me impossible that this or any other form of devotion could be so widespread, or, indeed so deeply appreciated by men in every walk of life, if those that practiced it did not know from their own experience, from the experience of others, that it was a fruitful source of spiritual favors."

Cardinal Logue.

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY
JULY 18—SEPTEMBER 15, 1916

JULY.

5–31. Three Retreats for Religious: at Mt. Merici, Waterville; Notre Dame, Waterville, and at Jackman. Preached by the Rev. A. Grolleau, O. P.

AUGUST.

3. Canonical resignation of the Rev. Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, after twelve years of continuous service.

5. Rev. Mother Emmanuel, the Mistress of Novices during six years, chosen new Rev. Mother of Sisters of Mercy.

6. Collection for the Holy Father in all the Churches of the Diocese.

7. Anniversary Pontifical Requiem Mass for the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy.
   Canonical Visitation at the Mother House of Sisters of Mercy.

9. Confirmation at East Millinocket and Millinocket in the evening.

10. First visit of a Bishop to Patten; confirmation for the first time in the new Church of St. Paul.
Confirmation at Benedicta in the afternoon.

11. Confirmation at Island Falls in the morning and at St. Mary's in Houlton in the afternoon.
Meeting of the Madigan Memorial Hospital Corporation and visit to the Hospital.

12. Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at the marriage of James Madigan to Miss Doris Waterall, and offered the Nuptial Mass at St. Mary's Church, Houlton, 10 A. M.
In the afternoon went by auto to Van Buren.

13. Sunday—Confirmation in St. Bruno's Church, Van Buren, 10.30 A. M. and at Notre Dame, Grand Isle at 3.30 P. M.

14. Confirmation at Sacred Heart Church, N. Caribou at 9 A. M., at Holy Rosary, Caribou at 11 A. M., and at Church of the Nativity, Presque Isle at 3. P. M.
Train at 5.45 for Portland—arrived at 4.05 A. M., having traveled 519 miles by train, 238 miles by auto, confirmed eleven times and preached thirteen times.

15. Feast of the Assumption.
Visit to Mother House, Deering at close of Retreat, preached by Rev. Charles Quirk, S. J.

16. Most Rev. James J. Keane, D. D., Archbishop of Dubuque, Iowa, came and was a guest of the Bishop for one week.

17. Rev. John P. Nelligan, Chaplain at the National Home for Soldiers at Togus, died, after a short illness.

19. Funeral Mass with Military honors for the late Fr. Nelligan at Togus.

20. Sunday—Rt. Rev. Bishop went to Orono and addressed the people at St. Mary's Church in the evening on the subject of Catholic Education.

21. Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass at funeral of the late Rev. John P. Nelligan at St. John's Church, Bangor. Sermon by Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. C. McDonough, V. G.

Rt. Rev. Joseph J. Rice, D. D., Bishop of Burlington, was present at the Mass and returned to Portland in the afternoon

23. Most Rev. Archbishop Keane and Rt. Rev. Bp. Harkins of Providence, left by boat for St. John, N. B., thence to Providence.

25. Visit to Kennebunkport and Beach.

27. Sunday—Solemn Blessing of new Church of St. Peter, Bingham at 3.30 P. M. First official visit or ceremony by a Bishop in the town. A very large crowd of people present, including many non-Catholics. Sermon by Rev. James Carey of Hallowell.

28. Visit to Bar Harbor and plans for a new Convent approved, this Convent to be a gift to the Diocese of Portland by a generous family.
Religious Reception and Profession at Mt. Merici Convent, Waterville, Rev. N. Charland officiating.

31. Visit to Fairfield and to Mt. Merici Convent, Waterville.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Plans for a new Chapel in St. Mary's parish, Westbrook, approved.

3. Sunday—Rt. Rev. Bishop in the Cathedral and all the Rectors in their respective Churches in Portland addressed the people on Catholic Schools.

5. Religious Profession in Convent of Sisters of St. Dominic in Lewiston.

8. Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Anniversary of the Dedication of the Cathedral in the year 1869. Official opening of all Catholic Schools in a special Mass.

10. Sunday—Solemn Blessing of the new Chapel at Kittery, Me., under the title of St. Raphael, at 3 P. M., followed by Confirmation and sermon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

11. Annual Ecclesiastical Retreat for the Priests of the Portland Diocese opened at the Ottawa House, Cushing's Island, conducted by Rev. W. J. Stanton, S. J. Rt. Rev. Bishop and 93 priests present. Closed on Friday, 10 A. M.

17. Sunday—Solemn Blessing of the new Catholic Cemetery at Yarmouth, under the title of Holy Cross. Rt. Rev. Bishop and ten priests present, sermon by the Rector, Rev. Joseph D. Quinn.

BISHOP'S HOUSE,
PORTLAND, Sept. 14, 1916.

Tenth Anniversary, Consecration of Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Bishop of Portland

FEAST OF ST. LUKE, EVANGELIST, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop was consecrated in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland on Oct. 18, 1906, hence will have completed ten years of his Episcopate on that date of this year.

A Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving will be offered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop on that date, and all the priests of the Diocese will be invited.

The Rev. Pastors are respectfully requested to announce this fact in their respective Churches, to ask the prayers of the faithful and, as far as circumstances will permit, to have a special Low Mass of Thanksgiving on that day.

The Religious communities are also requested to unite their good prayers for the same purpose on that day.

The Rev. Pastors are also requested to grant a holiday to the pupils of the Catholic Schools on that day and to urge especially the prayers of the children for the exaltation of Holy Mother Church in the Diocese of Portland and thus bring honor, glory and worship to the Divine Master and King, whose love for children was summed up in His own beautiful words: Suffer little children to come unto Me for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

ANNUAL COLLECTION FOR DIOCESAN STUDENTS

THE BISHOP'S HOUSE.
PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 14, 1916.

Rev. Dear Father:

The annual collection for the education of Seminarians will be taken up by the priests in all the Churches of the Diocese on Sunday, October 1st, and the announcement is to be made on Sunday, September 24th.

The assessment on the Parish will be the same as heretofore announced, and you will please forward it to the Chancery Office before the end of the month of October.

You are respectfully requested to explain this important work to the people and to urge them to a generous coöperation, as upon the vocation, right training and zealous work of good priests must depend the life, honor and glory of the Church in our Diocese.

There are now twenty-one Seminarians studying in various institutions for the Diocese of Portland and several students in preparatory colleges.

OCTOBER DEVOTIONS.

The usual October Devotions in honor of the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary are to be maintained in the Churches of the Diocese, namely, the Recitation of the Rosary, Litany and Prayer to St. Joseph, every day during the month of October at the morning Mass, or in the evening with Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Rosary is also to be recited on all Sundays throughout the year. Permission for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is granted. The special intention this year will be the restoration of Peace in Europe and the triumph of the Church over her enemies in Europe and in Mexico.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
LOUIS S. WALSH,
Bishop of Portland.

On Visiting the Monument to Father Sebastian Rasle at Old Point, Maine

Here sleeps he 'midst the meadow sweetly sleeping,
While over faded paths the flowers dream,
And near, as when he saw it proudly leaping,
Swift Kennebec's unceasing waters stream.

Here 'twas in darkness Christ's fair lamp he showed,
Not fearing hatred nor his own sure doom,
Here smote the arid rock till clear faith flowed,
Here planted love and saw the desert bloom.

Then burst upon his garden envious Cain,
Hating his gentle brother, who hated none,
Here for his worthier offering was he slain,
Where stands this shaft, a shadow in the sun.

Still flames unquenched the faith he held so dear,
Heart kindling heart, we guard the sacred fire;
Yet is his spirit risen and not here;
He hath his God, his portion and desire.

M. R. W.

Indiana is preparing to celebrate its century of existence as a State. Like Maine, the scene of the activities of the early missionaries, the Catholic history of the beginnings of the Commonwealth, affords many a pleasing and edifying episode, which Catholic participation in the celebration cannot fail to impress on the present generation.

Catholic Footprints in Maine

This title has a meaning of its own and merits to be set forth in story.

The traveler of today in the valley of the St. Croix and Penobscot rivers, especially in Washington, Hancock and Waldo counties, comes across men and women of Irish blood with Irish names, yet not of the Catholic faith, though the same names in Ireland are symbolic of the Catholic cross as of the dear little shamrock.

All through Eastern Maine the silent tombstones of the cemeteries point to a like tale.

What does it all mean?

The passing crowd cares little for such questions; some antiquarians show an academic interest, many tourists remark the fact, know little and care less for the reason thereof.

The fact, however, does call forth from the Catholic heart many a sigh and sad protest, and this alone justifies some sure and clear word of explanation.

Truth too, in such matters, is much more interesting than fiction, which implies unjust criticism of Church, priests or people.

The true explanation is not difficult nor in any way mysterious, hence, all the more, calls for its place on the canvas of a great historic panorama.

Maine is the only state of New England that has an early Catholic history and few seem to know that its first Catholic Missions antedate similar undertakings in Quebec and Montreal.

The story of St. Croix in 1604, of Merrymeeting Bay in 1611, of St. Sauveur on Mt. Desert in 1613, of St. Mary's above Augusta in 1646, of Castine in 1665, of Old Point at Narrantsouac or Norridgwock, 1696 to 1724, awaits the graphic pen of some devoted son or daughter of Maine to tell in prose or poetry, how the lakes and forests, rivers and coast were consecrated to the Cross of Christ and the Lily of France.

In 1724 Fr. Sebastian Rasle, S. J., whose footprints, during nearly thirty years, made sacred the woods of Moosehead, the banks of the Kennebec, and the islands of Casco Bay, was shot, killed, and buried by the English soldiers from Boston and Falmouth, then the French withdrew to Quebec, while the Indians, few in numbers, and scattered in all directions, kept alive the sacred traditions of the past one hundred and twenty years. The chanting of the Gloria in Excelsis by the Indians on Sunday morn throughout these years, without priest or altar is a testimony to their faith and worship.

The Irish must have begun to come soon after that year, and that many groups of Irish Protestants came to settle chiefly along the coast from the Penobscot to the Saco is clearly recorded in several authentic town and county histories. That some few Irish Catholics slipped in between the years 1724 and 1770 is no doubt true, but there is no sign nor evidence of a priest visiting the "Maine District" from 1724 to 1789. Indeed there was not one in all New England, as a price had been put upon their heads by the General Court of Massachusetts, of which Maine was a part until 1820. The assimilation, therefore of the few straggling Catholics by the force of law and custom in the union of the Congregational Church and State must be put down as a fact—and let the stone be cast at the right place.

The ways of God are mysterious, even though clear in perspective and during the last quarter of the 18th century, many Irish Catholics landed at St. John, N. B., and at Eastport long before they dared to come to Boston.

Once ashore, without friend to direct or city to attract, they were truly on an equal footing and they set out to the west or south over the Eastport trail, always on foot, for roads did not exist and horses were not in sight. As each one or group arrived at the farmhouses scattered along the trail and obtained work, there did he or she remain to live and to die, oftentimes married into the farmer or neighbor's family, and then started many a Sullivan, Tracy, O'Brien and Murphy or similar Irish family without Cross or Church or priest to bless the union, or even allowed to do so, if perchance one might pass.

The ancestral lines could be easily traced today, if the modern system of records were then in vogue.

That these "settlers" or emigrants were somewhat if not wholly to blame for forgetting God or giving up the old Catholic Church no one will deny, especially when we have so many beautiful examples of persons under similar circumstances, who married a wife, or bought a farm, or went to try a pair of oxen, and yet did not ask to be excused from going to the festal banquet of the Lord.

The faith of many of these deserters must have been thin or watery.

The procession of the Immigrants on foot is an historic moving picture all through the late 18th and early 19th century, and there are now living in many of the Eastern towns as Bangor, Houlton, Catholic men and women of advanced years, who, as late as 1850 to 1860, walked over the whole trail from Eastport or St. John to their present homes, kept the faith and will hand it down in all its beauty and vigor.

There is no doubt that the facts and dangers, above mentioned were known to Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, and Bishops Cheverus, and Fenwick of Boston, and explain the almost superhuman efforts made by the two Bishops of Boston to overcome the loss and stop the leakage, the former by his own personal reaching out to every family and individual Catholic whose whereabouts became known to him, the latter by the Catholic Colony at Benedicta, which was the Western trail from St. John or Eastport, then commonly followed.

Another earlier and very interesting inlet to Maine was what became known and is still called "Quebec Trail."

Historic, sacred, picturesque and to become after a few more years a great Auto Promenade or Boulevard from Augusta to Quebec, it is not surpassed to New England.

It was in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, the only and very straight route along the rivers and lakes, guiding the weary pilgrims into what are now Piscataquis, Somerset and Kennebec counties of Western Maine.

Many a beautiful story could be written of persons or families, that came over this route in the first half of the 19th century, settled down to work on farms or railroad, and even though surrounded by non-Catholics, and with every induce-

ment offered to go to the Meeting House, Vestry, or Town Social gatherings, having a flavor of ministerial religiosity to catch the unwary, were steadfast in faith, observed Sunday at home, remained and brought up families devoted to the Catholic Church. Once or twice a year they would go to the nearest city or Church, or the priest would come to visit their homes, at times 100 miles or more away.

Occasionally there was only one Catholic family in a large district, yet God and the Church held sway and the first place in the home.

This fact is proof enough that the renegade-deserter or lukewarm ones were and are chiefly to blame themselves for the loss of the Cross and the Crown, Catholic.

The mixed marriage, especially when the woman was not a Catholic, has, no doubt, been a prolific source of loss of faith and of all religion, yet even in this danger the right kind of a Catholic mind never succumbs.

There are unfortunately, in the Church and in all parts of the world, other causes that are justly chargeable to the pastors, who know not the flocks and are unknown to them, who also do not go after, seek out and bring back the stray and black sheep, who feed not the sheep. Our Lord has made this type of false shepherds so clear and characterized them so boldly that the only comment one need make is a prayer: "Lord, save thy Church from such shepherds."

It is of course idle and not edifying to try to fix the blame upon people or priests for whatever lapses or losses may have come, and it is only a gratuitous and ill founded calumny to quote figures in such conditions with only a vivid imagination or a malicious motive to draw upon.

That the large number of Irish names in Maine, now Protestant, or of no religion, were the same, when the bearers came to the state, is proven beyond a doubt to any unbiased historian or candid reader.

Footprints of the French Canadian Catholics over the "Quebec Trail" mark a striking historic fact in the second half of the 19th century, and in recent years the Polish, Lithanian, Slavic Syrian and Italian Catholics have been coming, not on foot, but by railroad and steamboat, to scatter in small groups wherever work or homes may attract.

The appeals from Catholic summer visitors to the seashore and inland lakes of Maine form another promising picture and certainly make most serious demands upon the priests, who are the shepherds of these vast attractive regions.

There is finally another very striking meaning to that phrase "footprints."

As one now goes over the State, tramps, canoes, or rides in train or auto, along the valley of the St. John, the St. Croix, the Penobscot, the Kennebec, Androscoggin and Saco rivers, or around the lakes, that form the head waters of these great streams, or finally skirts the unequalled seashore, there is a sense of pride and glory that they all have the footprints of the Catholic Missionary priest, the Catholic Indian and the Catholic Colonist, and these footprints now await the magic pen of historian or poet to make them live on the sands of time.

Who will do it? When shall it be?

CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES

The National Conference of Catholic Charities was held this year during the week of September 17th, at Washington, and was attended by about one thousand delegates, representing twenty-eight states of the Union.

Matters of grave importance, such as care of children in institutions, adoption of children in private homes, minimum wage, social insurancce, adoption and teaching of modern methods in our educational institutions, and the best methods of treating defective children.

The position of the Church in all charitable or philanthropic work was clearly stated by the Rt. Rev. Rector of the Catholic University when he called attention to the fact that while the modern philanthropist would improve man's material condition, he seemed to forget that he had a soul. In all her effort in behalf of the poor and needy it is the aim of the Church to care for both their bodily and spiritual necessities, hence one must never loose sight of the spirit of faith which is the foundation of all true charity.

Consecration of Cemetery at Yarmouthville

Sunday, Sept. 17th, was a day of rejoicing for the Catholic people of Yarmouth. On that day the Rt. Rev. Bishop visited the parish and dedicated the new cemetery of the Holy Cross. A great number had collected from Portland, Westbrook and neighboring towns, and a delegation was present from Poland, one of the missions of the parish.

Promptly at 3.30 P. M. the procession left the pavilion for the cross, where the exercises were to begin. The children's choir sang, "Come Holy Ghost."

The introductory prayer as sung by the Bishop, followed by the Litany of the Saints, then the blessing of the ground. The Litany and Psalm Miserere were chanted by the parish choir.

After the blessing was over the procession returned to the pavilion, where a short historical talk was made by the pastor, followed by a sermon by the Bishop. He congratulated the people for their efforts, gave the real meaning of the word "Cemetery." He drew from the ceremony lessons not only of death, but also of life. He gave the Catholic idea of death and burial and concluded by imparting his blessing to the people.

The children's choir sang "Holy God, we praise thy name," and the ceremony was at an end.

During the exercises the Rt. Rev. Bishop was assisted by Rev. John O'Dowd, Portland; Rev. N. Horan, Bath; Rev. John Houlihan and Rev. N. Clary, Portland; Rev. P. Desjardines, Westbrook; Rev. T. Houlihan of the Cathedral, Portland; Rev. F. A. Karpe of South Portland and the pastor.

Jos. D. Quinn.

Some Phases of Recent Irish History

Silent we stand. The iron hand has smitten,
Bruising our trembling lips to peace again.
Vein of our hearts—forgive our wordless weeping,
We may not voice our pain.

Silent we stand. The iron hand is crushing
Our hearts that burned for thee with sacred flame,
Rose of the world—thine own in deep devotion
We may not breathe they name.

(Ireland 1916, by ALBINIA BRODRICK.)

So much has been written in the newspapers and periodicals of this country on the events of Easter week in Dublin that the American public is in possession of the main facts connected with the establishment and suppression of the short-lived Irish Republic. But Americans generally, even Irish-Americans, are not altogether well informed on the issues that led up to the outbreak in Ireland last April.

To get a proper grasp of the situation which presented itself to the Irish people in the spring of 1916 it will be necessary to glance back over Ireland's political history in the recent past. For upwards of half a century, practically since the Fenian Movement of '67, which, to use Gladstone's phrase "awakened England to the Irish question like a Chapel bell," and which if it did not succeed in throwing off a foreign yoke, at least resulted in the disestablishment of an alien religion, the Irish Parliamentary Party, under the leadership of Butte, Parnell and Redmond had been fighting for Home Rule in Westminster. The party, backed by agitation at home and financed in great measure by the Irish over seas had made its fight with questionable success. In Parnell's time hopes were high, but with his passing a steady process of degeneration had set in. The country was distracted by rival factions until, after ten

years of domestic strife, a nominally united party acknowledged the leadership of John Redmond. Mr. Redmond never possessed the personal magnetism and power over party and country that belonged to the dead chief; he lacked the cold fire which rendered Parnell terrible to political foes; he was not animated with the deep unquenchable hatred of England and things English that was such a marked characteristic of the man whose mantle he professed to wear. The facts that John Redmond began his political life as an English official—a clerk in the House of Commons, that his brother William was an officer in an English militia regiment, (he subsequently became an ardent Nationalist, but is now, by perhaps a natural reversion to type, a Major in the British army), that his wife is an English lady and that his children have been educated in English schools, have perhaps something to do with the coldness of the younger generation of Irishmen towards the party's leader.

Mr. Redmond has many of the qualifications necessary in a political leader. He is cool, calculating, diplomatic, agreeable, though somewhat heavy and "English" in manner, an orator of no mean ability and, though lacking in imagination, capable at times of eloquent and impassioned address. He is in all circumstances a gentleman, he has represented his country very creditably for a number of years in London, and up to August, 1914, he unquestionably held the confidence of the majority of the Irish people. With the dawn of the twentieth century a small but insistent minority began to make its voice heard in Ireland, and "Sinn-Fein," the term that is now familiar to millions was taken as the name and slogan of a new political party; a party in the main, at first at least, composed of students, professors, journalists, writers of plays, poets, young professional men and—a leaven of junior clergy.

Dreamers, visionaries, cranks, even, they were called, but—to hark back to '67—they were destined "to ring the Chapel bells" in Erin. The words "Sinn-Fein" mean "ourselves," or rather the intensitive "ourselves alone." The movement may be said to have sprung from the Gaelic League, and first attracted public attention in Ireland by the founding of the "United Irishman" newspaper in 1899. The editor of the paper, Arthur Griffieth, (he is now a prisoner in an English goal) was a clever organizer, a brilliant writer, and his pamphlet "The

Resurrection of Hungary," which told the history of that country's winning fight against Austria by Sinn-Fein methods, had a nation wide circulation and won many recruits to the new organization. The name of the official organ was changed to "Sinn Féin" and branches and clubs began to spring up in the cities and towns of Ireland. The Sinn Féiners were not at first openly Republican; theirs was rather a demand for complete national independence within the Empire. They took their stand on the Renunciation Act of 1783 by which the English Parliament declared that Ireland's right to self-government, under the Lords and Commons of Ireland, was unquestioned and unquestionable. England was then beset by foreign foes, the American colonies had but lately broken away and the Irish Parliament backed up its just claims by a powerful volunteer army. Furthermore in 1783 Ireland had a Grattan, in 1914 she had a Redmond. The Act of Renunciation has never been repealed, it is still on the statute books, so that, aside from its illegal aspects, its passage by bribery and corruption, the Act of Union of 1801 is invalid and without morally binding force. Ireland then de jure is an independent Kingdom and the Sinn Feiner is really the loyalist, the constitutionalist, while the Parliamentarian who swears allegiance to the Union—as every M. P. must do at Westminster—is in effect disloyal to Ireland and a traitor to the Constitution. The first principle of Sinn Féin therefore was the withdrawal of the Irish members from Westminster and the setting up of a National Assembly, or de facto Parliament in Dublin, the Acts of which would receive their sanction from the free consent of the Irish people.

A National Banking system was outlined. The establishment of an Irish Consular service was planned—instead of paying men to orate on the "floor of the House" in London, the National Assembly would keep up a corps of representatives in the capitals of the world to push Irish Commerce and to look after Irish interests. Passive resistence to taxation was urged. Recruiting for the British Army and Navy was opposed and emigration was discouraged. Irish-American capital was to be enlisted towards the building up of an Irish Mercantile Marine and the financing of Irish business enterprise. Irish industries were to be supported and encouraged by a system of

voluntary protection and the studies of Irish history, literature and language were to be fostered. All this was perfectly constitutional; it was eminently practical; not a word was said about active resistance or armed rebellion. Ireland, said the Sinn Féiners, was being steadily Anglicized by the maintainence of representatives at Westminster—London, not Dublin, had become the center of her world. The average Irish M. P. knew practically nothing and cared less about his country's language and literature. He gave no support and won no encouragement for Ireland's industries. He talked flamboyant patriotism on Irish village platforms, to empty benches in Westminster and to thronged audiences in the States on his periodical dollar collecting expeditions, and, while he talked and posed, Ireland was bleeding to death. Some measures of amelioration he had won—"paper victories," the Sinn Féiners called them for during the fifty years of Parliamentarianism Ireland's population had gone down by almost one-half, taxation had been trebled, industries languished, Home Rule was as far away as ever and the spirit of Anglization was abroad in the land. Erin was not dead, but she was sleeping very deeply—it was time "to ring the Chapel bells."

The Parliamentarians were however strongly entrenched in the country, and were backed by two powerful organizations; the United Irish League and the A. O. H.—not the American Order, but the "Board of Erin" controlled by Mr. Joseph. Devlin. Conventions were rigged and machined, no man who disagreed with the Redmond-Dillon-Devlin triumvirate could hope to make his voice heard in the councils of the nation. William O'Brien was mobbed and howled down at the "packed" National Convention of 1909. Poor Sheehy Skeffington, who was so foully murdered by the English soldier, Colthurst in Dublin last April, was thrown bodily from a meeting of the League Directory simply because he dared to hold independent views. Joe Devlin's "Molly Maguires" had the country by the throat. In the meantime the "Party" had become a mere caudal appendage of the English Liberals. The Irish members were now being paid by the government, each M. P. received fifteen hundred dollars a year, plus the division of the funds collected in Ireland and America. Half of them were members of the London Liberal Club. The independent

Irish Party of Parnell's day had passed and was gone. The Sinn Féiners slogan was—"Ourselves, ourselves alone." The Parliamentarian motto—"Westminster,—without a Bill we can do nothing!"

No wonder that the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, the venerable and learned Bishop of Limerick writes in a recent letter to the Cork City Council—"The rebellion in Dublin was simply the reaction of sincere and generous hearts against the infidelity of England's paid politicians to the principles of Irish Nationality. If they had not gone so far to one extreme of West Britonism, the young men of Ireland might not have gone to the other in their anger and disgust. They (the Irish Party) are too long in London, the air of the National Liberal and Eighty Club is too strong for them. They call themselves Irishmen, but they are only England's 'friendlies.'"

No wonder that the well beloved Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, who has been in the forefront of every National movement for half a century, denounced the party as false to its trust. No wonder the Bishops of the North arose in their just wrath against Mr. Redmond's "partition" settlement—which would be no settlement. No wonder Sinn Fein is sweeping the youth, the intellect, the manhood of the country into its ranks. One of the immediate causes of the Dublin outbreak was the disgust and disappointment caused by the utter failure of Parliamentarianism in the national capital. A new generation of educated, thinking, acting Irishmen had grown up in the land while Parliamentarians dilly dallied in London, but Mr. Redmond and his advisers remained blind to the facts. Then the government's tacit consent to the formation in Ulster of an army under Carson for rank rebellion—resistance to the coming Home Rule Act, and its complete change of attitude towards the Nationalist Volunteers when they too began to import arms helped to inflame the passions of the people and to strengthen the extremist wing. Seditious British officers who refused point blank to move against the rebellious Orangemen went unpunished, but women and children were shot down in the street of Dublin in July, 1914, during a Nationalist attempt at gun-running. Then came the World War in the August of that year and Mr. Redmond startled the Irish race by his public pledge of loyalty. Un-

questionably Mr. Redmond then lost the great opportunity of his political career, for a firm patriotic stand on his part at that time when history was practically repeating the conditions of 1783 would have settled the Ulster difficulty forever and secured the establishment of a free Irish Parliament in Dublin. Ireland had no Grattan among the Parliamentarians in 1914. Instead of playing the statesman and acting the patriot Mr. Redmond turned recruiting sergeant for the British Army in Ireland, and tamely agreed to the indefinite hanging up of a Mutilated Home Rule Act; qualified by an amending bill to come. Surely John Redmond must have forgotten the memory of Tone, Lord Edward, Emmett, Davis and Parnell, and thinking men must judge him false to the ever sacred principles and traditions of Irish Nationality and Patriotism.

Though Ireland sympathized with Belgium and cherished a historic friendship for France, she understood England's designs too well to believe all her altruistic protestations. She knew that England's plan and main object in the struggle was the crushing of her great trade rival Germany, the weakening of her Allies, France and Russia, and as a result of the war a further extension of territory and the lion's share of the world's commerce. Consequently Mr. Redmond's recruiting campaign was a failure from the first. Outside of Ulster only 35,000 Irishmen joined the British Army in 1914-15. Yet, even that was 35,000 too many, and in proportion to population was quite as much as England herself had done. The recruiting propaganda increased in unpopularity. Sinn Féiners were active in denouncing it and the good sense and patriotic instincts of the country were with them. England feared to resort to conscription for Ireland, she had to do so at home and in Scotland. But Irish newspapers were suppressed, anti-recruiting literature was seized, printing presses were confiscated and hundreds of Irishmen were imprisoned or deported under the new Defence of the Realm Act. A myriad things were being done in Ireland by stupid English officials to goad an already sorely tried people towards extreme measures. Danger signals were everywhere visible—but British officialdom remained stupid; Mr. Redmond remained blind and—the reaction came, the streets ran red with blood in Dublin on Easter Week. Young Irishmen gave their lives for "Dark Rosaleen" in clean open fight, and when overpowered by sheer force of

numbers, they died before the firing squads of the brutal Maxwell or were murdered in prison yards by English lunatic officers, drunk with blood-lust. But always and in all circumstances they died as brave and gallant Irish soldiers and Christian gentlemen. They have not failed, the English yoke remains, but only for a time, the issue is now clear cut and well defined, a rotten political system has been shattered to bits and Erin has been appreciably advanced towards the goal of Nationhood, for the God of Nations is not deaf to the cry of the blood generously, gladly shed by the young heroes of Easter week—the men who died for Ireland. C.

A BUSY LIFE

Writing on the life and work of the late Archbishop Spalding, who while organizing and building up his diocese found time for the development of those talents which have given him a place unrivalled among American Catholic authors as well as those without the Church, for his purity of diction, and elevation of thought, the Catholic Columbian has this to say.

"In his books he will live, as an author he was as original in thought as was his style exquisite. All the great subjects of the day have been touched to be beautified by his pen. He has given some verses, but the real poetry is in the blank verse of his prose periods. He is a grand exception to the dictum 'the miter is the death of literature,' for his many volumes, a little library in themselves, show him to have had a mind as fecund as was his manner stately and elegant. Many wonder how the Bishop of a doicese with its multitudinous labors and manifold cares could find time to do such great literary work, but time was found by never losing any. The lazy do not know the worth of time or they would not wonder at time's accomplishments, and yet they are the most critical of those who make hours yield their full measure. They will ignorantly hold that if the Bishop does this intellectual feat he must, of necessity, slight that obligation of duty, when the very opposite is true, as intellectual light makes every duty more easily seen and with greater facility performed. The thinker preaches well as he writes well; he has logic in his labors; he has something to say in rostrum and conversation that is not common."

Study of Theology

ITS EXCELLENCE, NECESSITY, PRACTICAL METHODS.

"The greatest minds and the greatest saints of every century have studied this divine science which embraces heaven and earth, divine and human, time and eternity. To it they have dedicated the best and noblest powers of their souls; they have labored for centuries in erecting this great temple of Christian science shaping stone after stone until they have reared the grand edifice from its very foundations."

Theology presupposes a science, the science that treats of the credibility of revelation; it creates a science by proceeding from principles indubitably certain and placing the entire view of human knowledge in its service, thereby establishing a system of Christian knowledge; it conjures false sciences because it refutes antagonistic assertions and erects a durable wall against all hostile assaults. 'Tis not a stranger to other sciences; it views them all in their relation to God and to the end of all things. Knowledge of special branches makes the scientist; theology encompasses the whole, the beginning, the end, the origin and the goal. It is a sacred science, sacred in its origin, its end and its contents, God and the world—the latter viewed in the light of God and in its relation to God. It is the most sublime of all sciences for what can be more sublime than God its primary object and all things outside of God viewed sub specie aeterni? Theology alone gives a satisfactory answer to the question that rises to the lips of every man as soon as he looks above the sea of sensible things and begins to ask after their First Cause and their Last End? Whence are they all and wherefore? All other sciences move around the surface of human life. Theology reaches its center, defines the relations between man and God which is to regulate his relation to all things else. Its dogmas are the eternal truths of God Himself; its laws are the standard of all genuine, human, social and individual life.

St. Thomas Contra Gentes 1 2 says: "It is the most perfect of studies, for in as far as a man occupies himself with it he participates on earth in true beatitude; most sublime study, for by it man is made similar to God; most useful study, for by it we shall be led to eternal happiness; most delightful study, for intercourse with God knows no bitterness, but is replete with pleasure and joy.

Its *Necessity*. To put it on a merely human and professional plane:—The doctor studies the science of medicine if he wants to know his profession and to do his work well. The lawyer studies jurisprudence for the same reason. So too, the study of Theology is necessary for a priest because it deals with his life work. Theology is more necessary for a priest because the doctor and the lawyer deal with the human body and temporal things and the priest deals with the soul and eternal things.

"The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge and they shall seek the law at his mouth." Mal. 27. But says Cardinal Manning: "How shall the lips of the priest keep the science of God and of souls unless he be a man of sacred study? The theology of our early days is soon obscured by the failure of memory and by the dust of a busy life." He might have added "by the rust of a lazy life."

"Learn before you teach," says St. Jerome. "Be ready to give an account of the faith and the hope that is in you. Be experienced and instructed in the mysteries of salvation. Nothing is easier than with a multiplicity of words to carry away with you an ignorant audience who admire the more the less they understand. The ignorant man must not imagine that he is a saint because he has learned nothing. The Apostle admonished Titus to be well versed in the Scriptures, for holy ignorance as much as it may edify on the one hand, the more does it injure on the other, because it cannot withstand the enemy." 52 Epistle.

And in his 53rd Epistle: "Behold the difference between the justice of the ignorant and of the learned. 'They that instruct man to justice shall shine as the stars for all eternity.' Some imagine that since they are the disciples of the apostolic fisherman, sanctity consists in gross ignorance, nay, that they are therefore saints because they have not learned anything."

A certain Abbott remarks: "Ignorantia plures habet superbos quam humiles," on which the author of Timothy makes the dry remark: "I suppose in his office of Abbott he amply experienced it." Knowledge puffeth up,—yes, that false knowledge that sees in the mysteries of faith and in the grand facts of redemption a vain play of thoughts, an exercise of indolent minds, a following of devised fables, but not the word from the Cross that brings salvation, consolation and refreshment to the wearied. The man that knowledge puffeth up never has real knowledge, for the man of real knowledge is the first to admit the insufficiency of human research, for the more he knows the more fully he knows his own littleness, and every truth he grasps reveals God in his infinite greatness. The man of real knowledge is the only man who can even attempt to grasp the truth of St. Augustine's words "Hoc unum scio nempe quod nescio."

"Docete omnes gentes Praedicate Evangelium Euntes mihi testes." These words were addressed directly to the apostles and to their successors, but within due limit. They are said to every missionary priest. "Quorum remiseritis peccata remittuntur eis, quorum retinueritis retenta sunt." How can a priest fulfill these obligations, exercise these powers as they should be unless he knows Theology? And he will not know Theology unless he studies it. If he does not study in a few years he will have forgotten half what he learned in his seminary days, and even if he remembers every word of what he was taught then he will be very far from up to date because in the natural development of things changes take place not in doctrine but in discipline. "He that heareth you heareth me," within just limits can apply to every priest when he preaches. They will never be true if he doesn't study. Cardinal Manning says: "Many sermons are useless because the priest preaches not the word of God but tbe word of man. He doesn't preach the word of God for he doesn't know it; he doesn't know it because he doesn't study Sacred Scripture and Theology."

Practical Methods

Cardinal Manning in his chapter on The Value of a Priest's Time says: "How precious is every moment a priest can redeem from active work to return to his old books and to go further and deeper into his earlier studies. There ought to be

even in the busiest life certain free intervals, we call them vaguely leisure hours. They are hours that are cut out as if by stealth from the main duties and works of the day. Some men do everything as if they did nothing and some men do nothing as if they did everything. A punctual mind can so order the hours of the day as to take out of them and to use the intervals between successive works and duties. A hard student advised a friend to have five-minute books and many a book can be read through in a year by five minutes a day. All that is needed is the habit of attention and a fixed will not to leave what we read till we understand it, be it only a page or a sentence. If we only reckon up how much time is given to books that are not necessary, to newspapers, to useless conversation, to lingering and doubting what to read and what to do, the most fervent will find that much time has been stolen from him, much has been wasted and not a little misapplied."

And Cannon Keating says. "After breakfast a priest has, especially in his first years when the good or bad habits of a lifetime are formed, a couple of hours' free time. Careful observation of others as well as experience of myself leads me to think that the two hours after breakfast are the hours most easily frittered away if not entirely wasted, yet they are the very hours when a man is at his best and freshest for reading or writing, the hours in which the mind will absorb and assimilate most readily any intellectual food that one can give it."

The same author in another place says: "If you read two chapters of the Old Testament and two of the New each week day you will get through the Old Testament in about four years and the New in ten or twelve months." Hence what is needed is first of all a taste for the value of Theology, and that can always be acquired if a man really wants to acquire it, a conviction that it is necessary and a strong will not to waste time.

Cannon Keating says: "The good or bad habits of a lifetime are formed in a priest's first years. That is equally true of the good habit of studying Theology and of the bad habit of neglecting it. Those of us who are rapidly going down the other side of the hill, have long since acquired the habit of study or the habit of not studying. If the latter, it is possible

to reform, but it is not very likely we shall do so. The priest for whom this is an eminently practical question is the young priest. Under God's grace for many a priest the love of study has meant salvation, and in spite of God's grace for many a priest neglect of study has meant just the reverse. One of the very best deeds of friendship an older priest can do to a younger man is to insist on the study of Sacred Scripture and Theology, to bear in mind the admonition about opportune and importune. "Argue, obsecra, increpa," to act on these words with special stress and particular emphasis on two of them—"increpa" and "importune."

BISHOP WALSH'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY

We have no doubt that our Catholic people as a whole will rejoice with the Bishop on the tenth anniversary of his assumption of the Episcopal burdens in the Diocese of Portland. With its mixed population, varied interests, long distances to be travelled, and many small places to be visited, one easily sees that the ten years spent by Bishop Walsh, as ordinary of the Diocese of Portland, have been extremely busy ones, and should any one ask for proof of his activities in the cause of religion, we would respectfully suggest that they follow for a time the diocesan Chronology as published in the official organ of the Diocese; they will then realize at least in part the arduous labors that have been the lot of their Bishop since his coming to Maine ten years ago. Bishop Walsh was consecrated Bishop of Portland, on the feast of St. Luke, October 18, 1906, and elsewhere announced in this number of the Diocesan magazine, it is planned to give this anniversary general observance throughout the State of Maine. While there are many who always find themselves burdened with local interests, the generous whole souled child of the Church should rise above his own narrow horizon, and take his place beside his Bishop who has at heart the welfare of the entire flock committed to his trust.

Do not therefore fail to unite with him in the commemoration of these years devoted to the service of the Divine master, thanking God for the graces conferred on the chief Pastor of the Diocese, asking at the same time for our zealous Bishop increased strength, and long years of usefulness in the Diocese of Portland.

Canonization of Jesuit Martyrs

A cablegram from the Reverend Charles Macksey of the Gregorian University, Rome, to the Reverend John J. Wynne of this city, announces that the Cause of the Beatification of Father Isaac Jogue has been introduced before the Congregation of Rites for definite consideration and settlement.

Although the death of Father Jogue at the hands of the Mohawk Indians occurred in 1652, on the site of the present village of Auriesville, the cause of having him declared a martyr, and worthy of veneration of all who hold the Christian Faith, was not actually begun until the year 1903. Prior to that time considerable preparation was made by the compilation of documents concerning Jogue and other missionaries who had labored with him, and who were put to death by the Iroquois in Canada, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier. The result of these investigations was laid before a tribunal of ecclesiastics in Quebec, headed by the present Cardinal Begin of that city. Prominent among the witnesses before this tribunal were persons who had made studies in the lives of these martyrs; among them, Reverend Arthur Jones of Montreal, Reverend Daniel Lowery representing the Albany diocese, and Reverend T. J. Campbell and John J. Wynne of this city. The evidence then presented has since been properly submitted to the authorities in Rome who advocate the canonization of persons eminent for holiness, and to the devil's advocate, whose office it is to oppose the canonization in every way and to show, if possible, that the persons in question are not worthy of special veneration.

This part of the process is so thorough and searching that the consent of the advocates on both sides to the formal introduction of the cause before the Congregation of Rites is usually equivalent to the declaration that the persons involved led saintly lives, doing great service for religion, and in this instance shedding their blood for it.

How long the Congregation of Rites may require before declaring these martyrs beatified and deserving of veneration.

it is impossible to say, though there is no reason why there should be any serious delay. In canonizing such men the Church will only be approving a universal sentiment in favor of their veneration which exists not only among Catholics but among Protestants also.

Among other items of evidence presented at Quebec, was a letter from a prominent Protestant divine, who had gone so far in his veneration for Isaac Jogue as to place a stained glass effigy of him in his Church. Among those who took a principal part in locating the site of the Jogue martyrdom, and in tracing testimony from the customs of the Mohawk families to prove that they killed him out of enmity to religion, was the late General Clark of Auburn, who though not a Catholic, was most devoutly impressed by the life and sufferings of Jogue.

The one who is now looking after the process of his beatification in this country is the Reverend John J. Scully located at Auriesville, New York, in charge of the shrine erected on the site of the Martyrdom.

RT. REV. PHILIP R. McDEVITT, D. D.

Thursday, September 16, 1916, the consecration of the Bishop-elect of Harrisburg, Pa., took place at Philadelphia in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, the consecrating prelate being the Most Rev. Edmund Prendergast, Archbishop of Philadelphia, the assistant Bishops being the Right Rev. John E. Fitz Maurice, D. D., Bishop of Erie, and the Right Rev. John J. McCort, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia.

Bishop McDevitt's life work thus far has been given to the cause of Christian education. As Superintendent of the Catholic schools of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, he has been justly noted for the heroic efforts which he has made to bring the Catholic schools of the city to their present high standard.

Bishop McDevitt was the preacher on the occasion of the consecration and installation of the present Bishop of Portland, the Right Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., who was among the many Bishops in attendance at Bishop McDevitt's consecration.

Life of Cardinal Cheverus

While the decree of the Holy Father, Pope Pius VII, creating the new sees of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown was issued on the 8th of April, 1808, it was only in August, 1810, that it was placed in the hand of Archbishop Carroll by the Bishop elect of Bardstown, the venerable Dr. Flaget. As Bishop Carroll, who was now Archbishop elect of the newly created metropolitan see of Baltimore, wished to give all possible dignity to the ceremonies attendant on the consecration of a successor to the Apostles, about two months passed by ere final arrangements were completed for this auspicious event in our history. The Church in the United States had not as yet become familiar with the elevation of her clergy to the position of chief pastors, for thus far only one Bishop, The Rt. Rev. Leonard Neale, coadjutor Bishop of Baltimore had been consecrated in the United States. To render this the second conferring of episcopal dignity more notable, Archbishop Carroll decided to have the exercises take place on three separate days, and accordingly named October 28th, feast of Sts. Simon and Jude for the consecration of Dr. Egan; for Dr. Cheverus, the great festival of All Saints, was chosen, and for Dr. Flaget, Nov. 4th, a day kept by the Church in honor of St. Charles Borromeo.

To prepare for this great dignity of which he deemed himself most unworthy, and at the same time to strengthen his feeble forces for the awful responsibility of the Apostolate, Father Cheverus sought spiritual guidance and consolation at the knee of his friend, the aged Francis Charles Nagot, the illustrious priest who was so instrumental in founding the Seminary of St. Sulpice in the United States. To the sheltering walls of old St. Mary's in Baltimore, to the loving care of his fellow countryman justly noted for his angelic virtues, Father Nagot, John de Cheverus committed those days of preparation for the added graces about to be conferred upon him. Were it possible for us to draw the veil of his life during these hours of prayer and supplication, we would behold the

humble priest chosen to be the first Bishop of Boston, now in the solitude of his chamber, on his knees perchance, in the presence of his Creator, passing in detail the many acts of a quarter of a century at His altar, oftentimes weighing in the balance the days already spent in the service of the Divine master, looking over the little accomplished, and the vast field yet unredeemed; or again we might see him seated beside his venerable friend and spiritual comforter, quietly listening to those words of wisdom, of counsel, of encouragement, which a man of Nagot's knowledge and virtue, alone knows how to give; or lastly it might be our privilege to look on him during his hours of meditation, pious, and heart to heart intercourse with his heavenly father as he kneels in silent adoration before our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Whether in prayer, at direction, or before the ever adorable Sacrament of the Altar, we would have beheld evidences of that sanctity, humility, love of sacrifice which characterized the first Bishop of Boston during the years of his Apostolic labors in this part of the Lord's vineyard. It would have been ours to know that he considered the few days of preparation all too short for the great work before him, and if he were loth to assume a burden which when measured by human standards, must ever remain a cheerless task, we must attribute it to the diffidence of self, which was a part of his very nature, rather than any reluctance to carry out the will of his Divine master.

The hopes of the few Catholics then scattered throughout the New England States were centered about the altar in old St. Peters, Baltimore, on that historic morn of November 1st, 1810, and well they might, for on this day, one whom they loved and respected, one who had time and again, brought the consolations of their holy faith to their very homes, was to be raised to a dignity which would if anything, bring him closer to their lives, and make him the bearer of still greater graces for their Christian existence, alas! but too frequently threatened with extinction amid the hostile surroundings of a generation not too friendly to the Catholic religion.

The Consecrator of Father Cheverus, the third priest to receive the episcopal dignity in the United States, was the Father of the American hierarchy, the venerable Archbishop elect of Baltimore. Assisting Archbishop Carroll were Bishop

Neale of Baltimore, and Bishop Egan, the newly consecrated Bishop of Philadelphia. The sermon on the lessons of the day was delivered by the Rev. W. V. Harold, O. P., whose after career served to sadden the heart of his Bishop and the Church of Philadelphia.

Did the first Bishop of Boston seek for an examplar on this sacred morn, while the unction of his consecration was yet fresh, he might easily have found one among the many whom the Church honors on the great festival of All Saints,— as she permits us to view in spirit that countless throng of martyrs, confessors and virgins whom she causes to pass in review before the great eternal throne. In faith, there he may have seen the friend of his youth, the saintly and martyred de Hercé, Bishop of Dol, whose martyrdom John de Cheverus had longed to share. Did the new Bishop seek an example to follow in the faithful performance of his episcopal duties, he was reminded by the eloquent preacher of this happy occasion, not to resort "to antiquity for an example of Episcopal virtue. That bounteous God, whose manifold blessings overspread this land, whose boundless mercies claim our warmest gratitude, still preserves for your advantage, a living encouragement to such virtue and a fair model for your imitation. You will seek both in your venerable and most reverend Prelate—you will find both in the Father of the American Church, and under God the author of its prosperity. In him you will find that meekness which is the best fruit of the Holy Ghost, that humility which for Christ's sake makes him the servant of all, that richly polished character which none but great minds can receive, which nothing but virtue can impart."

That Bishop Cheverus had always loved and revered Bishop Carroll is certain. From the first hour of his arrival, in free America, as an exile driven by the ruthless hand of persecution from his native land, the humble French priest had in season and out of season, made known his trials and difficulties to the large hearted churchman whom God had chosen as the Corner stone of the American Catholic Church. That he always continued to regard him as a father in Christ is amply evidenced by the many letters now on file in the archives of the historic Baltimore cathedral, a great majority of which were written after their author had attained the dignity of the Episcopate;

that he had harkened to the voice of the preacher, or had already realized on the very morn of his consecration, the glorious example of Pastoral virtues given by the first Bishop of the Catholic Church in the United States, is again proven by the first sermon delivered by the newly consecrated Bishop of Boston. Speaking in St. Patrick's Church, Fell's Point, at the consecration of the first Bishop of Bardstown, November 4th, 1810, in the midst of his discourse, turning to the venerable founder of the American hierarchy, he addressed him in the words of the Prophet Eliseus to Elias on the occasion of his departure in a fiery chariot, and again used by king Joas on the death of Eliseus, "Pater mi! Pater mi! currus Israel et auriga ejus," truly significant words to one who had been a Father in the American Catholic Church, and the moulder of her destines; thus had the first Bishop of Boston, taken the illustrious Carroll as a model of his own life, and had proposed him at the same eventful moment to his two brethren of the Episcopate as a source of inspiration for their labors in the great Apostolate of building up the kingdom of God in the American Republic.

There were now one Archbishop and four Bishops to whom was committed the great task of caring for the souls of the faithful living throughout the length and breadth of our country. Questions of serious moment had to be met; dangers to the little flock of Christ had to be pointed out; regulations for the government of the faithful enacted. It therefore appeared advisable to Archbishop Carroll to take council with his suffragans, his future colaborers in the Episcopate as to the means best adapted for the preservation and development of the Church in America. The result of their deliberation was an admirable pastoral letter which met the conditions of the age, and which even today, after the lapse of more than a century, may be read and heeded by the present generation. Subscribed to and faithfully observed by Bishop Cheverus, we feel that the same should have a place in this short sketch of his useful life, in as much as it became the rule of his existence during the days of his Episcopal labors among the Catholics of New England.

The Pastoral given by Dr. Shea in his history of the Catholic Church in the United States, Vol. II, pp. 633, 634, 635, is as follows:

"Pastoral of the Bishops in 1810.

"The most Reverend Archbishop, and Right Rev. Bishops lately assembled at Baltimore took into their serious consideration the Churches under their care; but not being able then to extend their enquiries that collect full information concerning many points, which require uniform regulation, and perhaps amendment, they reserved to a future occasion a general review of ecclesiastical discipline now observed throughout the different dioceses, and reducing of it everywhere to as strict conformity with that of the universal Church, as our peculiar situation, circumstances, and general benefit of the Faithful will allow. Some matters requiring immediate attention were maturely discussed, on which after humbly invoking the assistance of the Divine Spirit, resolutions or ordinances were made which in due time will be communicated to the clergy or laity, as they may be concerned in them. The following are some of them and are now published for general information.

"First. Pastors of different Churches, or they who in their absence are entrusted with the care of churches, chalices, and sacred vestments are not to permit any strange and unknown priests to exercise priestly functions, before they have exhibited authentic proofs of their having obtained the Bishop's permission.

"2. Conformably to the spirit of the Church, and its general practice, the Sacrament of Baptism shall be administered in the Church only, in all towns in which churches are erected, excepting only in cases of necessity.

"3. Some difficulties having occurred in making immediately a general rule for the celebration of all marriages in the Church, as a practice most conformable to general and Catholic discipline; it was thought premature now to publish an ordinance to that effect; yet all pastors are directed to recommend this religious usage universally, wherever it is not attended with very great inconvenience, and prepare the mind of this flock for its adoption, in a short time.

"4. The Pastors of the Faithful are directed to discourage more and more from the pulpit, and in their public and private conference an attachment to entertainments and diversions of dangerous tendency to morality; such as to frequent the thea-

tres and cherish a fondness for dancing assemblies. They must likewise warn their congregations against reading of books dangerous to faith and manners, and especially promiscuous reading of all kinds of novels. The Faithful themselves should always remember the severity with which the Church guided by the Holy Ghost, constantly prohibited writings calculated to diminish the respect due to our holy religion.

"5th. The Archbishop and Bishops enjoined on all priests exercising, in their respective dioceses, faculties for the administration of the Sacraments, not to admit to those of penance and the B'd Eucharist such persons as are known to belong to the association commonly called of Freemasons unless these persons seriously promise to abstain forever after from going to their lodges, and professing themselves to belong to their society; and Pastors of Congregations shall frequently recommend to all under their care never to join with or become members of the said fraternity.

✠ "J., Abp. of B're
✠ "Leonard, B'p of Gortina, Coadjutor of B're
✠ "Michael, B'p of Philadelphia
✠ "John, Bis'p of Boston
✠ "Benedict Joseph, B'p of Bardstown."

Following his consecration, one of the first visits paid by the new Bishop of Boston, was a call on the rising community of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg. Mother Seton, the foundress of this noted institution, had during her days of trials and doubts as to the will of God, and the path she should follow, sought the advice and council of the pious and devoted Father Cheverus. His letters had been to her a source of strength, and had been largely instrumental in shaping the after career of this remarkable servant of God. Looking on her as his child in the faith, Bishop Cheverus felt it his duty to honor this little band of devoted ladies with a short visit ere departing for his distant field of labors. His reception was most cordial. "No sooner did he make himself known to Mother Seton," states his biographer, "than she fell on her knees, seized his hands, bathing them with her tears, and remained in that posture more than five minutes, without being able to articulate a word."

Deeply impressed with the lessons of sublime devotion which he witnessed at St. Joseph's, the young Bishop writing Mother Seton shortly afterwards, could not help remarking how edified he had been by his visit to her young community. "The happy moments I have spent with you and them," states this letter, "are present to my mind, and still more to my heart. I almost envy their happiness and yours. I hope their pious example has not been lost upon me."

IRISH IMMIGRATION

The Rev. M. J. Henry, director of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, New York, reports the number of Irish immigrants arriving in the United States the past year was 20,636, of whom the small proportion of 292 came to Maine.

Among the many aliens seeking our shores from year to year, the children of Ireland have not been slow in taking their place in the very front rank of American affairs, for among the names that will ever remain memorable in our history, the student of the future will read with unfeigned admiration, records left by the Irish exiles or their descendants, that will compare more than favorably with any other race or class that has sought the hospitality of the American Republic. Many of the long and sorely persecuted race have attained an eminence second to none, and services they have rendered at the altar, in the halls of State, in the professions, in the industrial world. or on the battlefields will cause their names to remain household words as long as the memory of a grateful and admiring people shall endure.

The 20,636 that have this year come to America, and have scattered over the entire Union, bringing as they have with them the sum of $1,868,499, should by their thrift and industry prove a useful accession to our already rapidly increasing population.

A New Indian Catechism

HAYMARKET, VA., July 12, 1916.

To the Editor of The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine:

DEAR EDITOR: The Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions has just published a very complete "Kiahlik Iksa Nana-Aiyimmika I Katikisma," a Catechism of the Catholic religion translated into the Choctaw language. The little book, which is profusely illustrated and furnished with a complete vocabulary of all the words used, contains all the most necessary prayers, some hymns and all the fundamentals of religion. As the great bulk of the Choctaw and Chickasaw peoples (the Choctaw is the written language of the Chickasaws) are Protestant, the doctrinal points of each chapter are reinforced by scriptural quotations. The book is published in alternate pages of English and Choctaw. It carries the Imprimatur of Cardinal Gibbons and also has the approval of Douglas H. Johnston (a non-Catholic) the Principal Chief of the Chickasaw Nation. Associated with Father Ketcham in the work were various prominent Choctaws, among whom was the Chief who is a Catholic. The aim of the book is set out in the dedication which reads as follows:

"Father Ketcham affectionately dedicates this book to the Choctaw and Chickasaw people. 'For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour: Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.'"

Under another cover a copy of the July issue of the Indian Sentinel has been mailed you. On page twenty-one you will find a rather scholarly criticism of the Catechism by Victor Murat Locke, the Principal Chief of the Choctaw Nation.

The Right Reverend Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University of America, writes of the Catechism as follows:

"It will render incalculable service to the Catholic members of the tribe, will make known to non-Catholics the genuine doctrines of the Catholic Church, and will aid greatly to destroy

the false and misleading motives which they may have conceived about our holy religion. On the one hand it will no longer be possible for interpreters to weaken or misstate its essentials, while on the other hand, every Choctaw reader will admire the accuracy and force of your translation. It must henceforth rank as a little classic of the resourceful tongue, which you possess so well, and to which you have devoted so many years of study and research.

"I read with pleasure the statement of the Choctaw chief, Victor Murat Locke, that the Catechism is the most correct translation thus far made of English into the Choctaw language. With such an approbation of the literary merit of the little work, its success ought to be assured. * * * the Catechism will give to the Catholic Indians the rudiments of faith upon which the priests can build the full structure, while to the Protestant Indians it will give fundamental Catholic ideas and provoke inquiry which may lead to a full acceptation of the Catholic Religion."

Very sincerely yours,

INNO MCGILL,

Managing Editor, The Indian Sentinel.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT ON MEXICAN CONDITIONS.

"Mexican revolutions have gone steadily down hill in their character and sentiment. At first they were infused with noble ideals. The Indian was to come to its own at last in America; the majesty and dignity of Montezuma's reign to be sanctified by the grace and goodness of Christianity; the people to be free and inspired by faith and love of progress.

Iturbide made the Church the corner stone of his government. That was in accordance with the national character. Now not only by their bandits like Villa, but by their Constitutionalists like Carranza, the men and women of the Church are plundered, and murdered and outraged. There is not an ideal left in Mexico."

Another Landmark of the Cross

Sunday, Sept. 10, 1916, was a happy, a proud day, for the Catholics of Kittery, Maine, for on that day the Right Rev. Louis Walsh, Bishop of Portland, dedicated their beautiful little chapel under the patronage of the Archangel Raphael.

It is the story of the grain of mustard seed developing into the goodly tree. Five years ago the first Mass in Kittery was celebrated in the Grange Hall of that town, and was celebrated, weekly thereafter, to a small congregation, that, however, increased steadily in numbers and zeal. Some of its members walked a distance of over five miles, and rarely missed a Sunday. Three years ago, the first Confirmation in Kittery was a notable event for the town. The Catholics now felt strongly the need of their own church, and steps were taken to make the wish a deed. On Sept. 3 of this year the first Mass was celebrated in their own chapel, and a week later, Sept. 10, a triple celebration took place, First Communion in the morning, and, in the afternoon, Confirmation and the dedication of the new chapel.

The little church is centrally located, and is built on a substantial granite foundation, which is planned to be, one day, the basement of a fine edifice. The interior is finished in light wood, and has a seating capacity of about two hundred and fifty.

The day was a perfect one, sunshiny and clear, and long before the hour set for the services the chapel was crowded to overflowing. In the front seats were the children, behind them their parents and friends and many of the townspeople, all waiting in silent, eager expectation. On the altar burned a little light, telling that behind the white tabernacle door our Lord Himself was present, no longer a Pilgrim in the town, but resting in His own home. The pause seemed the figure of the long period God had waited before coming to take possession of His own in that peaceful country by the sea.

Promptly at the hour appointed the vestry door opened and Bishop Walsh appeared, preceded by altar boys, bearing the

crucifix and candles. Assisting the Bishop were the Rev. Denis J. O'Brien, of South Berwick, Maine, of whose parish Kittery is a mission, and his two curates, the Rev. John A. Driscoll, who was master of ceremonies, and the Rev. Maurice B. Boland. The Rev. Father McGinnis of Sanford, Maine, was also present. The Bishop vested at the altar, and then the procession passed slowly down the aisle and out of the church and around the outside, the priests chanting the prayers as the Bishop sprinkled the walls. The procession then re-entered the church, and passed around the inside, ending at the altar.

Then the Bishop administered Confirmation to some thirty children and young people, and preached a most eloquent and impressive sermon, taking as his text, "My house is a house of prayer." He explained the meaning of prayer, and of that greatest act of worship established by Christ Himself in the Mass, making clear the difference of a meeting-house and a Catholic church, and showing that with an altar-stone the meanest hut may be in God's eyes equal to the grandest Cathedral in Christendom,—a true house of prayer. He spoke of the Sacraments as means of life and strength, referring to Baptism as absolutely necessary to Christianity, and to the Confirmation he had just administered as making soldiers for Christ. He made a stirring appeal to patriotism and to the flag, and then showed that the flag of all nations was the Cross.

The Bishop congratulated the people on their achievement, and predicted that on the firm foundation they had laid would one day be reared a beautiful edifice that would be to this hitherto uncultivated field of the Lord a landmark of the Cross, and he wished they might all live to see the completion of the work so well begun.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by the Rev. Father O'Brien, the music being delightfully rendered by the children's choir from South Berwick, assisted by the Sisters. The *Te Deum* was sung in English, and the congregation slowly dispersed, impressed with the feeling that they had been privileged in participating in the ceremonies of an epoch-making day.

M. B. C., *in Sacred Heart Review.*

Convent Inspection Bills in the South

The passing of a Convent Inspection bill in the State of Georgia is merely the latest manifestation of the wave of bigotry that has been sweeping over the South for the last two years. In Georgia and Florida, especially, religious intolerence and anti-Catholic prejudice have been holding high carnival of late. The country districts have been flooded with anti-Catholic literature. Lecturers have been imported to attack the Church. Unscrupulous politicians have sought to make use of the situation for their own advancement. This year a man named Catts, a Baptist preacher, ran for the Governorship of Florida as the pledged opponent of the Catholic Church. The self-styled "Guardians of Liberty" have been extremely active. Priests have been slandered, Sisters have been insulted, school-teachers have been dismissed—simply because they were Catholics, and in business as well as in politics their Faith has been made a bar for our co-religionists. In fine, the "Chivalrous South" has been acting recently in a manner worthy of the hey-day of "Know-Nothingism."

It is difficult for the Northerner to realize how the ignorant uneducated masses in the South swallow the fairy tales circulated for their benefit by the professional creators of discord, who live by lies. Your average Southern "cracker" believes that all Catholics must be disloyal to the United States, that priests are wolves in sheep's clothing, that convents and religious institutions are dens of iniquity, that the Knights of Columbus have arms hidden in the basements of Churches and have sworn to wade knee deep in Protestant blood, that the Catholic Hierarchy is plotting the overthrow of the Constitution and that the Pope of Rome has nefarious designs on the White House.

These silly beliefs and prejudices would be laughable and could be ignored were they not so evil in their effects and so really harmful to the peace and progress of the comparatively

few Catholics who have to live and work among a hostile people. The charges against Catholics are false and stupid and ridiculous, but, their effects are very real and productive of serious annoyance and positive injury.

The "Convent investigating bill," as it is termed, has been long agitated for by Tom Watson—the editor of two bitter anti-Catholic publications—and his followers. It was introduced in the Georgia legislature by a Mr. Veazey, who, to judge from what we have read on the matter, seems to be really honest and sincere in his prejudices and in his belief that he is helping to save his country from the awful menace of Papal aggression. The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle publishes an extract from a letter of this Mr. Veazey's to a colleague in the legislature. In part it runs:—Dear *Comred,* Please read (the enclosed pamphlet) think and pray. And then I am *shure* you will give me your *surport,* etc."

This choice bit of literature gives one some concept of Mr. Veazey's mentality and educational equipment. Nobody will ever accuse him of being the product of a Sisters' school. But Mr. Veazey is only typical of one class of Georgia legislators—those who don't know any better. There are others who do know better, and who either, because they are animated with the meanest kind of bigotry, or, because they are too cowardly to protest, vote for a measure, the only results of which are the inflicting of unnecessary annoyance on gentle Catholic women who have consecrated their lives to God, and the staining of Georgia's statute book with the proof of the state's intolerance.

Let us judge the case of Convent inspection by the State on its merits. There is no question of our objecting to the State inspecting religious institutions which receive state aid for doing some state work. Some of our institutions do receive grants from the public funds and the state has the right, and generally exercises the right, of inspection. But take the case of a Convent which subsists by the tuition fees of its pupils, by the private "dowery" brought by the individual Sisters, by the aid of diocesan funds or by donations freely made by charitable Catholics. By what right does the state invade the privacy of such an institution? After all is not the Convent the Sisters' home?—and are not the homes of the citizens of

this country their sacredly private property? Must our most intimate family arrangements be periodically scrutinized by the prying eye of a government investigator? The Sisters' Convent is the Sisters' home, their community is their family and the rights of that home and family are sacred in a free country and should not be subjected to molestation by state officials without cause. Is there cause? Is there any reason for this interference with the rights of our Sisters? Is there anything to justify the application of the principles of Maxwell's Irish Martial law to the Catholic religious communities in free America? There is no cause. There is no reason. There is nothing to justify the passage of such Acts as the Georgia Convent investigating bill.

The cowardly attacks of a vile anti-Catholic Press on our Sisterhoods have been proved to be malicious falsehoods. Again and again have our institutions been awarded damages against their defamers in the open courts of the land, and again and again have those defamers been publicly branded as liars. Mr. Veazey may believe the charges against Convents true, but many of those who voted for his bill in the Georgia legislature knew them to be utterly false. Mr. Tom Watson knows that they are false, and if proof of this statement be needed, the fact that Tom Watson *sent his own daughter to be educated at the Convent Academy, Washington, Georgia,* ought to be sufficent.

Georgia is only one of the Southern States which have passed Convent inspection bills. Has the South which now gives its sanction to legislative measures meant to humiliate and insult those gentle Sisters, forgotten the days when war and pestilence ravaged the land? Did the Catholic Sisterhoods fail in their duty then? No. They did not fail. They were ministering angels to the Confederate wounded. The yellow fever epidemics found them at their posts, and New Orleans, Jacksonville and Savannah cannot have forgotten those Christian heroines of the battlefield and the plague-shed. The Old South has not forgotten, the South of the poet-patriot, Father Ryan could not forget—it was not a land of ingrates and woman-baiting cowards. We believe still in the inherent chivalry of Dixie, and we would be glad to think that the blame for such measures as the Georgia bill lay with the descendants of the

carpet-bagger, the imported discord-spreading anti-Catholic lecturer and the professional grafting bigot, who battens on, but is not of, the South, rather than with the children of the men who followed, and fought for the Stars and Bars.

Watson and Veazey are receiving congratulations on their "victory." They have triumphed in so far as the passage of the measure is considered, but they have succeeded in this only, that they have smirched the fair name of a great Southern State. The bill will do good for, not harm to, our Convents, and when Georgia grows away from its anti-Jewish crusades, its child-labor and its lynchings, it will throw off the shackles of bigotry too, and wipe from its statute book the record of such measures as the Watson-Veazey Convent investigating bill. C.

OUR COUNTRY'S SECURITY.

There appears to be very little certitude that Lafayette on the occasion of his visit to America in 1824, uttered the warning that "if anything ever happened to free America, it would come from the Roman Catholic Church."

Whether he did or not does not matter very much, especially since there are so many of our influential men who hold quite the contrary opinion. To quote just one of perhaps the strongest characters that have appeared before the American public within the memory of the present generation, the late Mark Hanna, who at a conference held at the White House, in 1900, said to President McKinley: "You and I may not live to see it, Mr. President, but I think that I see a day coming, in the not far off future, when the only thing that shall come between the United States Flag and anarchy will be the strong arm of the Supreme Court and the Roman Catholic Church."

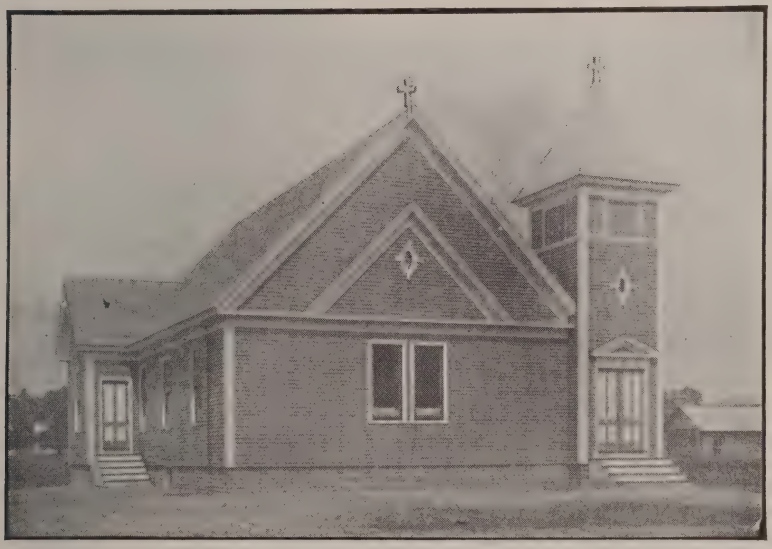
Another Chapel on the Kennebec Recalls Memory of Fr. Rasle

Sunday, August 27, was an eventful day in the annals of Catholicity in Bingham, for on that day, a day long to be remembered, was realized the fond hopes of the Catholic families of that beautiful and picturesque town nestled among the majestic hills of the upper Kennebec Valley. The occasion of the fond hopes realized was the dedication of the new church, erected during the past year to the worship of the Lord Almighty. For years these faithful people had no house of prayer, no temple of God, where they could assemble to give to God the public homage due him from his children. No temple where they could gather like the early christians in the "breaking of bread" and in hearing the word of God. Little wonder then that immense throngs of people from far and near wended their way to the modest but beautiful little church to congregate the parishioners and to thank the Almighty that the faith preached 280 years ago to the children of the "forest primeval," along the Kennebec was still cherished and loved by no small portion of Bingham's population. "Yet the traveller knows it's a place of prayer, for the holy sign of the cross is there." The cross surmounts the little church to proclaim the faith and to give evidence of the Christian spirit of sacrifice which made possible the building of another place of prayer and another chapel on the Kennebec, not perhaps so rude and unshapely as that of the historic, yet fateful, Father Rasle:

> "A rude unshapely chapel stands
> Built up in that wild by unskillful hands."

The little church was far too small to hold all who came to witness the ceremony, and it was quite inspiring to see the long line of automobiles along the street, a sight which would make envious a large city congregation. The ceremony of dedication was performed by Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh of Portland, assisted by the pastor, Rev. M. E. Curran of Madison, Rev. Jas.

A. Carey of Hallowell, Rev. J. L. A. Renaud of Skowhegan and Rev. M. F. Clark of Providence. The Bishop and clergy vested in their robes of office proceeded to the main entrance, where the psalm, "Have Mercy on Me O God," was chanted, after which the Bishop and priests marched around the Church sprinkling it with Holy Water. They then proceeded to the interior, followed by the people, where at the altar, "The Litany of the Saints" was chanted and prayers recited. This ceremony then continued with the chanting of the Psalms, "In my trouble I cried to the Lord," "I have lifted up my eyes to the mountains" and "I rejoiced at the things that were said to me," and was finally concluded by the procession of the clergy around the interior of the edifice.



St. Peter's Church, Bingham, Maine.

At the conclusion of the blessing the sermon appropriate to the occasion was delivered in a scholarly and instructive manner by Rev. Jas. A. Carey of Hallowell who traced the history of the beginning of the church found upon St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, to whom Christ gave the leadership of His flock on earth down through the ages to the present successor of St. Peter, Benedict the XV. For it was to the name of St. Peter that this church in Bingham is dedicated St. Peter's

Catholic Church. The sermon of dedication was followed by the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by Rev. J. L. A. Renaud. After benediction the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh in a short and eloquent discourse portrayed the apostolic origin and the unity of doctrines and sacraments of the Catholic Church and the continuity of the church to the end of time. After the conclusion of the services many of the congregation remained to greet the Bishop and receive the blessing. The Bishop and clergy were then invited to the home of Hon. A. F. Donigan, where they were entertained at supper. In the evening they motored to Madison, where they were the guests of Rev. M. E. Curran. Thus ended a day long to be remembered by the people of Bingham, a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving to the Lord, a day especially marked by the manifestation of good will and the spirit of Christian charity from the non-Catholic people of the town.

Sisters of Mercy Elect Rev. Mother

Sister Emmanuel of the Catholic Order of Sisters of Mercy, who has officiated at St. Joseph's Convent at Deering as mistress of novices for the past term of three years, was yesterday chosen mother superior, being placed in authority over the members of the order throughout Maine, succeeding Rev. Mother Margaret Mary who has officiated in that capacity for 12 years, two terms of three years each, and one term of six years. Saturday was the day designated as the one on which the election should take place and under the new rulings elections are held every six years, the former period of time for a single term being three years:

The complete results of yesterday's election follows:
Reverend Mother—Sister Emmanuel of Deering.
Assistant Reverend Mother—Sister Raphael of Bangor.
Mistress of Novices—Sister Eugenia of Deering.
Mother Burser—Sister Magdalen of Portland.

They were chosen to succeed the following named, who have finished their respective terms:

Reverend Mother—Sister Margaret Mary.

Assistant Reverend Mother—Sister Raymond.

Mistress of Novices—Sister Emmanuel.

Mother Burser—Sister Borga.

Sisters were present from all sections of Maine yesterday, about 125 being in attendance to participate in the election, while those of eastern Maine last night began a retreat which is to cover a period of 10 days, closing on next Monday morning. The middle of August the appointments of the Sisters to various communities where they will remain at least for a single school term, will be made.

Sister Raymond has served for about nine years as assistant reverend mother. Sister Eugenia, who has been selected as mistress of novices, had served as head of the boarding department at St. Joseph's Convent for several years. Sister Magdalen, who was chosen for the position of Mother Burser, had, for the past three years occupied the position of superior as St. Dominic's school in this city. The naming of Sister Raphael as assistant reverend mother, was the only selection from members of the order outside Portland, she being stationed at Bangor, where she taught in St. John's School.

Much interest is manifested each year in the list of appointments that are usually made about August 15.

The present year promises to be an auspicious one for the Catholic University at Washington. In the Freshmen's class, over one hundred and fifty have already registered which will bring the number of students following the courses of this justly noted institution to something over six hundred.

Famous Surgeon a Catholic First

As all know, the papers, Chicago dailies especially, devoted columns to the recent demise of Dr. John B. Murphy, says a writer in the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Mo. The Tribune thought the event sufficiently important to deserve an entire page on the first sheet of the paper. The dead surgeon was extolled as the world's foremost operator and as the originator of more things in modern surgery than any other man that could be named. One of the Mayors was quoted as saying there never lived a greater teacher of surgery. From a mass of professional encomium the grandeur of the man's private character cropped out here and there. But little was said from which the public could glean that Doctor Murphy was first the Catholic and then the physician.

Like Pasteur and Fabre, Murphy grew in faith and fervor as he advanced in skill and learning. And this is best seen in the little practises that proclaim the exemplary Catholic. Young interns in Catholic hospitals as a rule think themselves above going to Benediction in the hospital chapel of an afternoon or evening. But not so at Mercy Hospital; because Doctor Murphy was never in the hospital and free that he didn't assist at the Eucharistic blessing. Years ago before his important operations became so numerous, this delicate conscienced surgeon would go to Communion for the success of each one. And we have heard a priest patient of his say that the wife used jokingly to complain of the family being kept busy praying for the success of operations. In latter years with the great increase of work this custom was replaced by a visit to the Blessed Sacrament before going to the operating room. He craved help from on high, not because he coveted wealth and fame, but because he would fain bind up in every case possible the suffering members of Christ. The fact that over 50 per cent. of his operations were done for charity proves this.

Doctor Murphy was a physician to relieve pain and suffering and only in a secondary sense to gain a livelihood. He was a knight of the faith lived in an age when chivalrous loyalty to

the supernatural in the details of common life is all too rare. He of the scalpel loved to keep vigil near his Sacramental Lord before issuing forth to give combat to the bacterial legions laying siege to some poor defenseless temple of the Holy Ghost. His recent admission into the Order of Saint Gregory was but the formal recognition by the Father of Christendom of tried and true Catholic worth. True, his achievements in surgery will never be forgotten. In the history of that science few names will be better known. The number of lives he has helped save by his labors and the amount of bodily suffering he has had a share in banishing are both little short of incalculable. But what is all this compared with the more glorious accomplishment of having always been a clean man, as his fellow physicians bore testimony when they began discussing his chances of recovery on hearing of his last illness. The height of his surgical fame was important only in this that it enabled the brilliant light of his faith, hope and charity to penetrate farther and farther into the surrounding darkness of a profession just now so beclouded with rationalism and infidelity. The crown of his life was the multitude of souls that his modest yet shining example beckons to where the tear shall be wiped from every eye and where sicknsss and death shall be no more.

—The Catholic News.

A NEW EDITION OF "THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS."

Cardinal Gibbons, now well past eighty years of age is reported to be devoting his leisure moments to a revision of the little hand book of our holy faith which has made the name of His Eminence a household word not only in the Catholic homes of America, but also all over the world, and even quite generally in non-Catholic circles. Because of the great respect and reverence in which the aged Churchman is held, any further illustrations on the mysteries of our faith, or instructions which the Cardinal may give on the questions of the day, will be read with added interest as being a welcome message from one who enjoys universal esteem, and whose spoken or written word has always been productive of untold good.

Daniel Hennessey, M. D.

The death of Dr. Hennessey, which took place at his home in Bangor, Me., on the afternoon of Sunday, September 12th, 1916, brought to a close a career long and honorable, not only as a practicing physician, but also as a citizen of the city in which he had lived for nearly half a century.

While there may be many opinions as to a man's value in the profession which he has chosen, his skill and knowledge of the sciences involved, there is small chance for adverse discussion as to the loss of the man noted for his Christian life, and manly virtues, hence while we do not presume to write on Dr. Hennessey's worth as a physician, we nevertheless feel that his long stay in the community, and his constant attendance at many a bedside in days of sickness and death has given him a standing in the medical profession which any honorable physician might well envy. But what without doubt gave additional security to Dr. Hennessey's many patients during his busy life, was the fact that he was known to be conscientious in the extreme, a quality which could only come from that deep and childlike faith which was ever his from the dawn of reason to the close of his mortal existence. That Dr. Hennessey was a man of faith was evident to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. As such his position was an honorable one in the city of his adoption, his rank high among his brethren of the different professions.

We find so many, in these days among professional men, especially of the medical fraternity, to whom the idea of God, and man's responsibility to Him is practically unknown, or unrecognized, that it is truly refreshing to meet the professional man to whom faith means all that the kind and loving Creator intended,—to whom revealed religion is as it were the very day star of his existence. Such was the case with the late Dr. Hennessey, who while he may and undoubtedly did become familiar with all the ills to which humanity is heir, its weakness, and evil tendencies, yet he never forgot that, however debased a mortal might become, or however unsightly to the

eye of a cold and critical world,—the image and likeness of God was there, even amid earthly degradation. His deeply and early imbibed Christian faith therefore remained his main stay during the trying years of his professional career, and while others perchance devoted their energies to pulling down or destroying man's faith in his Creator, which alone can give him any peace or real security, Dr. Hennessey's one endeavor was to increase and perfect that faith by the constant practice of his holy religion. Herein do we find the real reason for his nobility of character, and the honorable record which he has left as a priceless inheritance to his devoted family.

Born in famed Bandon, County of Cork, Ireland, December 25, 1836, the future doctor came as a child to Westmoreland County, N. B., where his parents settled on a farm, being as it were pioneers, come to blaze their way and win their existence in the new world, driven from the land of their birth by the years of awful famine which swept over the "Ever Green Isle." Dr. Hennessey's early education was acquired at the knee of an old Irish school master, who like his pupil, had followed the lonely trail to the American shores. He next attended for a while, Mt. Allison Weysleyan Academy, at Sackville, N. B., where he prepared for his collegiate course of studies in St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Determined to devote his life to the medical profession, young Hennessey entered the University of Syracuse, then the Geneva Medical School, to finally complete his course in one of the noted New York city hospitals.

After extensive services among the soldiers of our late civil war, Dr. Hennessey returned to New Brunswick to begin the practice of medicine at Point du Bute, a small place near his old home. Feeling however that there were better opportunities in the States, the young physician after his marriage with Allesandra, daughter of the late Rev. Donald M. Bliss, came to Bangor, where he has since resided.

Six daughters and two sons were born to the marriage of Dr. Hennessey and Allesandra Bliss, all of whom are grown to man's estate, where as Christian men and women, they should be a never ending source of consolation to their widowed mother.

Dr. Hennessey's funeral took place from his parish church, St. Mary's, Bangor, on the morning of Tuesday, September 14th. Requiem high Mass was offered for the repose of his soul by his pastor, the Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy, P. R., who feelingly referred in his eulogy, to the splendid heritage of faithful service, right living, and Christian faith left by the departed to his children.

"To many persons, old and young," remarks one of the papers published in Bangor, "the news of Dr. Hennessey's death will come as a personal loss. He was always kindly and his ministrations to the many patients who came under his care in his long professional career, will cherish memories now that he is dead. He was one of the most active workers for the establishment of St. Mary's church, and was always a generous supporter of the work and institutions of his faith."

Dr. Hennessey's family has been blessed with one vocation to the religious life, that of a daughter who as Sister Mary Eugenie, now mother of novices at the Mother-house of the Sisters of Mercy, Deering, Maine, will in the cloister unite her prayers with her brothers, sisters, and mother, beseeching Almighty God to grant to their dear departed, the grace untold for which he lived, rest in the realms of Eternal day.

"I am surprised," remarks Ex-President Taft in the Yale Review for October, "that Secretary Baker seeks to justify President Wilson's refusal to recognize Huerta by saying that I refused to do so. This is very far from the fact. The last administration went out of power having done nothing to embarrass the situation with which President Wilson had to deal. It had not interfered as between contending factions. It had merely prevented the United States from being used as a basis for the operations against the government it had recognized. So far as our government's previous action was concerned, President Wilson had a clean slate upon which to write."

The Rev. John P. Nelligan

The Diocese of Portland has suffered a loss in the death of Father John P. Nelligan, Chaplain of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, who was called to his reward on August 17 of the present year. A high minded man, a sterling character, a steadfast worker in the vineyard of the Lord, a faithful soldier of Christ, a true priest of God gone from among us, makes the Diocese poorer by his death.

Rev. John Patrick Nelligan was born in Bangor, Nov. 5, 1859, of James and Mary Connor Nelligan. On graduating from the Bangor High School in 1880, he entered Holy Cross College, Worcester, whence he was graduated in 1883; and having finished his theological studies at the Grand Seminary of Three Rivers, Quebec, he was ordained there June 24, 1886. On the following Sunday he celebrated his first Mass in his home parish, St. John's, Bangor.

Ever frail of body, he was always strong of mind and will, made stronger by his lively faith in God. As a lad he showed these characteristics which marked his whole life. He heard the call from God in his soul, and his was to answer the call. Many obstacles stood in his way, but if God wanted him to be a priest these obstacles would vanish at His will. "Deus providebit," "God will provide," was his favorite expression in difficulties, and the weapon with which he fought all his battles in life. Three months after leaving for college his father died, and he was called home, the eldest son of a large family, to carry the heavy burdens of that family. Was his college course to be abandoned, his aspirations to the altar to be forsaken? Not for this young man. "Deus providebit." "God will provide," and so he believed God did at this particular time in enabling him to secure the agency in Bangor for a publication that was then meeting with a big sale, "The Life of Christ." His success in this work enabled him to finish his college and seminary course, and he always regarded those who subscribed to the publication as fellow workers with him in doing God's will in regard to his vocation. Many other trials

and difficulties came to him during his college and seminary days, but with God's help he believed he could conquer all. After his ordination to the priesthood Father Nelligan offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for every one of the subscribers for the work which he sold, and again celebrated a Mass of Requiem at their death. He had a long memory for favors done him in his early as well as in his later days.

Father Nelligan's first appointment was in the valley of the Kennebec which was to be the scene of his labors the greater part of his life; he was sent by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy as Assistant to Father Charles Doherty at St. Mary's, Augusta, where he remained for one year. Thence he was sent as Assistant to Rev. William Conlan at Calais for a year, and for nearly three years as Assistant to Father Trudel at Oldtown. In 1891 he was made pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Hallowell, succeeding Father Bradley. With the Parish of Hallowell went the Mission at the National Soldiers' Home in Togus. For twenty years he resided at Hallowell and five years ago took up his residence at the Home in Togus.

For the twenty years of his pastorate in Hallowell, Father Nelligan was a strong spiritual power, and the results of that power are shown today in the sturdy Catholicity and the Christian piety of the Hallowell Parish. He was a pattern to the flock, and his whole life was a constant preaching to his people. Though residing at Hallowell during these twenty years the greater part of his work was at Togus, and his residence being so far from the chief field of his work made his labors peculiarly difficult and trying. The number of soldiers at Togus in those days was much greater than now, and the sick calls were much more numerous; there was no electric car service and Father Nelligan spent most of his time on the road, driving to and from Togus. Many a night he drove the fifteen miles through rain and sleet and snow, this frail priest taxing his body to the utmost in order that he might strengthen the souls of the dying. Once in a blizzard when his horse could go no farther, he left him at a wayside farmhouse, and against the advice and protests of the people, plunged desperately through the storm in order to reach the soul that was calling for him. On one night he was compelled to travel to Togus and back three times in answer to three separate sick calls. The health

or strength of his own body did not count for him as long as there were souls that needed him. Without ever being conscious of it, his life was a heroic one, and so it was declared by the respect that was paid him when death called him.

Father Nelligan passed away at 3.30 A. M., Thursday, August 17. Before the reville was sounded at the Home that morning his old soldiers poured into the Chapel where he had so often offered the Holy Sacrifice and broken the Bread of Life for them, and the weeping and fervent paryers of the veterans told how keenly they felt the loss of their Father. Full military honors was accorded him at his funeral; the casket, draped with the American flag was borne on a gun carriage, and was escorted by the Home Band, the soldiers and officers of the Home and a line of priests, reciting the Office for the Dead. A military guard kept watch during the night, and at 9 o'clock, Saturday morning, a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered for the repose of his soul, Father McCarthy, a life long friend, being celebrant, and Father John F. Nelligan of Lisbon, and Father William Nelligan of Leavenworth, Kan., cousins of the deceased, were Deacon and Sub-Deacon, respectively. Rev. J. W. Houlihan of Woodfords pronounced the eulogy. After the Mass the body was borne with military escort to the gate of the Home, and thence to St. Mary's Church, Augusta, of which Rev. Father T. J. Nelligan, a brother of the deceased, is Rector, where it lay in state during the night. Sunday afternoon the body was brought to Bangor for burial and the principal funeral services were held in the church where over thirty years before he celebrated his first Mass, St. John's, Bangor.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh, Bishop of the Diocese of Portland, celebrated the Solemn Pontifical Mass and Rt. Rev. M. C. McDonough, P. A., the Vicar General of the Diocese delivered the funeral oration. The Rt. Rev. Vicar General in his discourse strongly and eloquently set forth the high conception of the priesthood of Jesus Christ and showed how faithfully Father Nelligan had measured up to it. The church was thronged with people, and a large number of priests from all parts of the Diocese, and beyond the bounds of the Diocese, were present to pay their last mark of respect and to pray for their fellow worker. Rt. Rev. Bishop Rice of Burlington,

Vt., a long time friend of the deceased, made a hard and hurried journey by motor over the mountain district in order to assist at the funeral. On Tuesday, Sept. 18, there was a Month's Mind Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated by Father T. J. Nelligan at St. Mary's Church, Augusta, assisted by Rev. J. W. Houlihan as Deacon and Rev. J. F. Nelligan as Subdeacon. At the end of the Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the deceased.

Father Nelligan was of a gentle and unobtrusive nature, but no one who knew him well could ever make the mistake of thinking his a weak nature; nor was his a neutral or negative character, on the contrary, there was a strength of character in him which singled him out, not only among his people, but even among his fellow priests. If he was gentle, yet he was sturdy; if he was timid, yet he was strong; if he was unobtrusive, yet he was fearless. His was a strong character that was made so by unswerving singleness of purpose and adherence to high principles; and the principles which inspired and inforced his life were the truth and the law of the living God. It would seem that his young mind had caught a vision of the majesty and justice and holiness of God, and his soul cried out in the words which he so frequently uttered in his recitation of the Divine Office: "From the beginning I have known concerning Thy testimonies; that Thou has founded them forever. * * * I have chosen the way of truth. * * * I have sworn and am determined to keep the judgments of Thy justice," and with what a passion and a vehemence, aye, with what violence did he cleave to the law of God, his intimates can tell.

Father Nelligan's priestly ideal and standard were high, and once his standard indicated to him what his duty was, as long as there was life in his body, no earthly power could keep him from the fulfilling of that duty. To be a perfect man of God was ever his aim. Duty was as the breath of his soul, and fidelity as the palpitation of his heart. Where others—with a conscience far from being lax—might find a reason for exemption from duty, he waved aside exemptions and reasons of expediency, and chose the more dutiful and sterner course. An incident in his life exemplifies his character: In the days when he was compelled to drive to Togus, a merchant in Hallo-

well wanted to buy Father Nelligan's horse "Chief," and he answered him that he hadn't money enough to buy that horse then, but that later on he would sell him to him for one hundred dollars. At not long after this another Hallowell gentleman offered him three hundred and fifty dollars for the horse. Father Nelligan answered that he had promised to sell him to the first named merchant for one hundred dollars. "But," the second man remonstrated with him, "conditions have changed, the price of horses has advanced." "That matters not," he replied, "I have given my word, and that has not changed." And so the merchant gained two hundred and fifty dollars in the bargain. But that was not money enough, nor would two hundred and fifty millions be money enough to make Father Nelligan break his word, even when spoken in a seemingly casual way. It is small wonder that his intimates regarded him as incapable of being faithless in word or even in thought.

His principles of life and motives of conduct were not of the passing hour, nor of selfish interest, but sprung from the eternal justice which built up and tempered his soul. With his strong principles and fidelity to duty in the smallest details, there was naturally a repugnance to fraud and deceit. He could be patient with, and forgiving of weakness; but for the fake, the pretender and the cheat he had a scorn and an aversion. "I have loved justice and hated iniquity," might well be his epitaph; and yet his gentleness to the weak and erring has just been narrated to me by one of his old soldier penitents, who in a naive way told of the naive means Father Nelligan employed, and the tenderness and more than a mother's patience he used in leading this old soldier from the ways of sin unto the faithful service of God.

Though always genial and hospitable, yet his was a mortified and abstemious life, he stinted himself in order to give to others; and besides his many gifts to individuals from his self-denial, he gave abundantly in property to the Parish of Hallowell, to St. Mary's, Augusta, and established through the maturing of an insurance policy, a burse of five thousand dollars for the education of worthy young men intending to study for the priesthood. What he had he gave generously while living, and had the honor of dying poor.

Generous as he was with whatever goods he had in this world he was no less generous with his time and his services, and in many parts of the country are widows and children of old soldiers of the Republic who can tell how it was through the efforts of Father Nelligan that their claim to the pension from their dead husband or father was legally established. More than once he travelled to Washington at his own expense to aid these widows or orphans. He would travel to the end of the earth to help one, if he thought he could do it consistently with his duty. These traits of unselfish and faithful service could not be hidden long from those near him, and especially were they noted by General Joseph Smith, a former manager of the Togus Home, and at present Governor of the National Soldiers' Home at Hampton Roads, Virginia, who at the cost of great personal sacrifice, was Father Nelligan's most loyal and ardent supporter in all his aims and work at the Togus Home.

Father Nelligan's position at Togus gave him the rank of Captain, but no one ever thought of him as Captain or Chaplain, but as "Father John" as the old soldiers loved to call him. They thought of him as the priest—the shepherd of souls, the man of God;—that was his highest dignity and title, and to fulfill that perfectly was his greatest ambition. His mind, his heart, his will were informed with his priesthood. His supernatural calling inspired his whole life. It stamped his body as well as his soul, and more than once we heard it said of him: "He has a priestly face." Of his priesthood he might use the words of St. Paul: "I am jealous of you with the jealousy of God."

We shall love to think of him as the faithful soul who spent himself and was spent for souls; of the faithful shepherd, who in the parishes where he labored, and especially among the soldiers of the Civil War and the Spanish War shepherded many souls for God; as the true priest of God, whose strong faith made him ever walk before God, and whose ardent love for our Divine Lord made him ever young and happy in His service; as the mortified, ascetic priest of the Lamb, standing at His altar, his priestly soul clothed in the white, chaste vestments of his priesthood; of the "faithful one" who, we trust, will be welcomed home by the band of God's faithful priests who "follow the Lamb withersoever He goeth." May he rest in peace.

The Centenary of the Marists

Many of our readers may perhaps be grateful to us for recalling the fact that a century of years has elapsed since that July day, 1816, when a band of pious young men met in the chapel of the Grand Seminary at Lyons, France, to consecrate themselves to the service of the Mother of God, and to perpetuate that service by founding in her honor the Society of Mary.

Officially recognized in 1822 by Pope Pius VII, it received the approval of the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI in 1836, since which time it has spread over the entire world, giving in nearly every land Bishops and priests to the Church, while many of its children have already merited and received the crown of martrydom.

In 1884, the late Bishop Healy wising to favor the northern part of his diocese, and at the same time contribute to the development of the Church in this distant portion of the Lord's vineyard committed to his Apostolic care, decided to establish a Catholic college at Van Buren, placing the same under the care of the Marist Fathers who have since continued in charge of this now flourishing institution, which not a few of our younger clergy lovingly cherish as the Alma Mater, to which they owe the first lessons of their priestly vocation.

Besides contributing to the education of the Christian youth placed under their care, since their coming to the diocese of Portland, the Marist Fathers have been given charge of the parishes of Lower Grand Isles, and St. John the Baptist, Brunswick, in addition to many missions adjoining their home parish of St. Bruno at Van Buren.

In connection with the rapid growth of this Society devoted to the promotion of devotion to the Mother of God, the New Orleans Morning Star beautifully says: "In June, 1816, one hundred years ago, the Right Rev. Louis William Dubourg, then Bishop of New Orleans, and the first after the cession of Louisiana to the United States, visited France for the purpose of procuring priests to labor in his vast missionary diocese,

which then extended from the Gulf of Mexico to the Great Lakes, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast. While visiting Lyons, through his efforts, there was organized as an aid to his work in Louisiana, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, since grown to such magnitude in far-reaching effects. Within the sweet sanctuary of the famous Church of Notre Dame de Fourvieres, in Lyons, July 23, 1816, Bishop Dubourg ordained fifty-two young men to the holy priesthood, and the next day twelve of these fifty-two young priests met in the same sanctuary; Mass was celebrated for the first time, by one of their number, and after holy communion, which all received, they knelt before the Altar of our Blessed Lady, and then and there, by vow and in writing pledged themselves unreservedly to her service, to form in her honor the Society of Mary.

In that same sancturay of Notre Dame de Fourvieres, at that same beautiful altar, where Bishop Dubourg officiated one hundred years ago, the present General of the Marist Order, the successor to the founder, the Venerable Father Colin, stood on July 23 last, with a few brother Marists kneeling around, and offered a solemn Mass of thanksgiving to God for all the graces and blessings vouchsafed to the Society of Mary, during one hundred years of its existence. The Society, now numbering its members by the thousands, is at present laboring in many lands, but especially in the broad fields of the Oceanic Islands, which it may be said to have civilized and regenerated and developed.

Introduced into the United States by the Venerable Archbishop Odlin of New Orleans, who brought the Marists to labor here over fifty years ago, the Order has spread over this country, and now has churches and colleges and houses everywhere, doing great work in behalf of religion and education, with a splendid novitiate and House of Studies for young Marist candidates in the capital of the nation.

Could it have been given to Bishop Dubourg to foresee when he consecrated these first twelve Marists one hundred years ago, that in this Centenary year of 1916 by a peculiar coincidence, nay, by the gracious favor of Divine Providence, an Archbishop, selected by the Holy See from the ranks of the Marist Order, would occupy the Archiepiscopal throne of New Orleans, that

another Marist would fill the episcopal throne of Natchez, carved out of the Diocese of New Orleans, could Bishop Dubourg have foreseen that right here in his own Louisiana, for which he was then pleading, the Marists were to come a half century later and help in the work which he had so much at heart, and that their path of unselfish service was to lay through his vast Diocese, from Louisiana to Salt Lake and beyond, what emotions would have filled his heart, and what a "Te Deum" would have risen from that ardent soul for the great wonders that God would work.

Who knows? Perhaps the beautiful dream filled his soul, perhaps the prayer rose from the heart of this Missionary, Bishop of old New Orleans, that one day some of those young men might come to work in this far off field, where the harvest was so great, and the laborers so few, and in whose spiritual behalf he was then traveling from city to city in Europe, seeking aid and begging means wherewith to erect churches and chapels and schools and bring priests to minister to his people.

Certain it is, that God has blessed in a marvellous manner this Society of Our Blessed Lady, which has spread so rapidly over the world, and which is particularly flourishing and doing most noble and efficient work in this great land of America."

We read much concerning motor-cars and church attendance and hear many lamentations on the fact that this enjoyable means of modern recreation is denuding churches of the regular Sunday congregations. We do not think that such is the case with our Catholic churches. On the contrary we have in mind one small mission where on a summer Sunday one may easily count anywhere from ten to fifteen large touring cars that have brought a half a hundred devout worshipers to the Sunday morning services, many of whom have come from distant points. Before the advent of the automobile, we remember seeing before the same church at the most one or two small teams from nearby families.

An Interesting Relic

In one of our esteemed exchanges, we note that the pastor of Bonneterre, Archdiocese of St. Louis, Mo., has in his possession a bell which is supposed to be the oldest in the United States. Until this bell, which was first sent from Spain, then brought by an American soldier to the United States, the old bell at Kaskaskia just across the river from Ste. Genevieve had thus far been considered the oldest, having been cast in 1736, while the one imported from Cuba bears the date of 1711.

Without wishing in any way to question the antiquity of the bells under consideration, we would express the opinion that the bell which used to call the Catholic Indians to services at Narantsouac (Norridgewock) in the days of Father Sebastian Râle, S. J., and which may now be seen in the rooms of the Maine Historical Society at Portland, Me., certainly antedates the one at Kaskaskia, if not actually the one possessed by Father Seycik at Bonneterre, Mo. Father Râle's chapel on the Kennebec was destroyed by a band of New England soldiers, August 23, 1724, and Father Râle, who was slain on this occasion, had already been at Norridgework about a third of a century. Father Râle's first chapel in this which was probably the best organized Indian parish of this early date in our history, was destroyed by an English expedition led by Col. Hilton in the winter of 1705. The Jesuit martyr speaks of this chapel as having been very well equipped, so it would not seem to be presuming so very much, if we were to conclude that the bell now possessed by the Maine Historical Society sent its silvery tones out through the Maine forests calling the Catholic Indians to Mass and to prayer long before the English vandals destroyed Father Râle's chapel in 1705, for we must remember that the good priest had even then been at Norridgwock at least ten or more years.

In Goold's history of Portland under title, "Father Râle's Relics," we read:

"The bell of the chapel disappeared to be brought to light eighty-four years later. This bell was very necessary to pro-

claim the hour of worship in a village without time-keepers of any kind. The bell is thirteen inches high, eleven inches across the mouth, and weighs thirty-one and a half pounds.

"The Maine Historical Society also holds this other relic of the Indian community at Norridgewock, a reminder of Father Râle and his little church. It was presented to the society by Mr. John Ware. The following is his statement at the presentation in about 1822. It is copied from the society's records:

"An ancient bell found at Norridgewock in 1808. It was found about a mile from the Indian chapel, on the western side of the Kennebec. Here are falls, around which canoes, etc., were carried, and by the side of the path the bell was found, under a decayed hemlock. Probably it was either placed near the tree, which afterwards was blown down over it, or it might have been placed under the trunk after it had fallen. The tree was so decayed that the bell was discovered in the midst of rotten wood, standing a little on one side, and sunk about eight inches in the ground. The surviving Indians probably took it across the river and secreted it, intending to carry it to Quebec, but could never raise force enough."

Current tradition states: "The bell was taken from the ashes of the chapel by an Indian boy and hid; he would never reveal the place of its concealment, saying, 'may be Indian want it some time.' Many years afterwards it was accidentally discovered by a woodman in the hollow of an ancient tree."

On a recent visit to the rooms of the Maine Historical Society, the author carefully examined this relic of the pioneer days of the Church in Maine, hence can frankly state that its appearance in general, and its evidence of long use, would lead him to believe that it must have been brought to Narantsouac in the early days of the mission, and that it consequently saw more than a quarter of a century of service in the chapels of the heroic Râle at "Old Point" on the Kennebec, prior to the death of this heroic man, August 23, 1724.

The Catholic Charities Investigation

In our last issue, we published at length on the controversy precipitated by His Honor Mayor Mitchell in New York, regarding the management of Catholic Charitable institutions, and the uses to which the public funds were devoted, together with some of the causes leading up to this deeply to be regretted affair, not in any way discreditable to the great Catholic Church, but to a man claiming, or pretending to be one of her children.

The Mayor's charges have since been passed on by an unbiased court which has rendered the decision that they were unwarranted. We take pleasure in publishing the comments of the decision of Justice Greenbaum, made by the Very Rev. Mgr. John J. Dunn, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York, which are as follows:

Mayor Mitchell's charges of conspiracy, libel and perjury, which were based upon alleged disclosures of his eavesdropping police squad, have been proved to have had no more foundation in law than they had in the public mind ever since they were thundered forth by the Mayor and signed and sworn to by Second Deputy Charities Commissioner Doherty, who was forced to assume full responsibility for the vapid utterances of his superior.

The decision of Justice Greenbaum puts an end to the Mayor's "courageous stand against his co-religionists." So far as they are concerned, "any attempt to interfere with the institutionalism of Catholic charities is an assault on the Catholic Church itself." That is the opinion of the court, and it speaks for itself.

It is a complete answer to the baseless charges made during the past six months by interested parties and a vindication of the principles which we have been defending. We forced the issue of having a public hearing of the charges, though others would have been content to let the vile calumnies fester in the public mind.

There was never a time when those in control of our Catholic institutions refused to allow a thorough investigation of the homes. They welcomed the visits of the members of the local Board of Charity, answered every inquiry willingly and fully and followed all the suggestions made, though many of them were futile and foolish. Yet the professional uplifters, when it served their purpose, presented reports of conditions which had no foundation in fact.

It was only when the plan of calumny had reached a point that the entire community was shocked by the designedly false statements in the newspapers, supplied by these Christian gentlemen, that an effort was made to answer the slanders and inform our Catholic people of the true facts. It is undisputed that the press articles and headlines in the Moree pamphlet, which was financed by Commissioner Kingsbury, falsely stated the testimony taken before Commissioner Strong, and yet Mr. Mitchell in various forms repeated them over and over again, for a purpose which it is not hard to suspect.

For our effort we were brought before Grand Juries, the Strong Commission, the Thompson Committee and finally in the open court forced to show that we had the rights of citizens and were privileged to use them, even in so good a cause as the defense of our noble Sisterhoods, who had been held up to ridicule and contumely before the community.

A simple duty has been performed and our fellow citizens now see in this decision an answer to the men who had ruthlessly swept aside all honor in their attempt to serve interests that paid them well.

We may now look for a respite from the clamor that has too long filled the public ear, though it is too much to hope that other attempts will not be made by the Charity Trust to secularize the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish child-caring homes.

One point has been gained, namely, the public is now well informed and recognizes the splendid self-sacrificing solicitude of the representatives of the different religious bodies in caring for their children, despite the maliciously conceived, cunningly prepared and vilely uttered statements of professional uplifters and sympathetic politicians.

The principles involved in this controversy now happily closed are basic and touch the very liberties of the people, and

any attempt to invade them will always meet with stout resistance and indignant protest. The decision while not unexpected is very gratifying, showing as it does, that no man or set of men, it matters not how highly placed, can work their will to the harm of the citizens of this community. Men of the standing of Justice Greenbaum will always rule for justice and right.

ULTIMATE RESULTS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

"There is one Church which makes religion essential in education, and that is the Catholic Church, in which the mothers teach their faith to the infants at the breast in their lullaby songs, and whose brotherhoods and priests, sisterhoods and nuns imprint their religion on the souls as indelibly as the diamond marks the hardest glass. They ingrain their faith in the human heart when most plastic to touch. Are they wrong, are they stupid, are they ignorant, that they found parishes, schools, convents, colleges in which religion is taught? Not if man be worth more than a dog, or the human soul, with eternity for duration, is of more value than the span of animal existence for a day. If they are right then we are wrong. If our puritan fathers were wise, then we are foolish; looking upon it as a mere speculative question, with their policy they will increase; with ours, we will diminish.

We are no prophet, but it does seem to us that Catholics retaining their religious teaching and we our heathen schools, will gaze on Cathedral crosses all over New England when our meeting houses will be turned into barns.

Let them go on teaching their religion to the children and let us go on educating our children in schools without God and without reading the Bible, they will plant corn and train grapevines on the unknown graves of the Plymouth Pilgrims and of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession.

We say this without expressing our own hopes or fears but as inevitable from the fact that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."

—New England Journal of Education

Mrs. Susan Teresa Fogarty

The Catholic Irish who left their native land, during those trying years of want and suffering, commonly known as the famine days, and who remained faithful to the tenets of their holy faith which was about all they brought with them to our shores, are becoming rarer in our older parishes with passing years.

One and all have seen their days of usefulness, and have been loyal supporters of the Church when she was struggling to take her place in our rising cities. Such a one was the late Susan Teresa Fogarty, who departed this life on the morning of August 29th, at her home in Waterville, Me. A native of Ennistymon, County Claire, Ireland, as a young woman, Mrs. Fogarty came to Waterville shortly after her marriage with John Fogarty, a sterling Christian man who preceeded her to the grave nearly twenty-five years ago.

Among the early Catholic settlers in Waterville, the missionary priests who were accustomed to visit the city now and then, especially the Jesuit fathers, Bapst, De Nekere, Force, Ciampi, used to frequent the Fogarty home on upper Maine St., where Mass was celebrated and the Sacraments administered. Like many other Catholic homes in our State that have been similarly blessed, the traditions of these days of sacrifice for the Faith always remained, so much so, that Mrs. Fogarty in the last years of her life, never tired of pointing out the room occupied by the missionary, and the corner where the holy Sacrifice had been offered. May such traditions long endure! for they form the most interesting details in the eventful days of our early existence as a diocese, when our first Bishop, David W. Bacon, was struggling amid seemingly insurmountable obstacles to lay the foundations of the flourishing Church of the present day, and who shall presume to deny that a goodly portion of the success attained, is not due to the generosity and hospitality of the few Catholic Irish families then beginning to settle in the State of Maine. Like Mr. and Mrs. Fogarty, soldiers of the Faith in their generation, there was

always a welcome for the weary priest in their humble home and ready support in all his undertakings.

That many of our early Catholic settlers saw years far beyond the time alloted by Holy Scripture, years of peace and plenty, a long autumn following a useful summer, may well be ascribed to the blessings of God, showered down in all their abundance even in this life as a reward and an example of all that faithful service to His Church means,—even during the mortal term of man's earthly career. As we follow the remains of our pioneer Catholics to their last resting place where they are to await the dawn of the great Day, and as we linger for a moment, we cannot help thinking or prevent the conviction from stealing over us, that their lives have not been lived in vain, hence that they leave us most abundant hopes of their again coming forth from the tomb glorious and immortal.

Mrs. Fogarty's funeral took place from the Sacred Heart Church, Waterville, on Thursday morning, August 31st, 1916, following which her body was interred in her family lot where, in the midst of her departed relatives, she sleeps that deep slumber which precedes the resurrecction morn. R. I. P.

THE MEXICAN QUESTION

If President Wilson had been open and above board in admitting the awful conditions existing in the unfortunate Mexican Republic, and which after all are largely his own creation, he would at least have taken from his political opponents one of the strongest arguments which they are using most effectively against his reelection. The American people are beginning to realize the truth of the situation, and the fact that the National administration purposely ignored the indisputable proofs which were placed at its very door by men whose standing cannot be questioned, will be made all the more striking to the public at large, when the awful and harrowing scenes are thrown before it through the instrumentality of that great modern invention, the moving picture film.

The Late Bishop Spalding

By the death of Bishop Spalding the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States lost one of its most brilliant and distinguished members. When death claimed him, Bishop Spalding was in his seventy-sixth year, in the fiftieth of his priesthood and the fortieth of his episcopate. For ten years past his health had failed and physical weakness dimmed those mental faculties which had made the first Bishop of Peoria famous as an administrator, a leader and a scholar. When he felt himself no longer capable of the heavy work of the active episcopate he readily relinquished the administration of his See and laid the burden on younger shoulders. For seven years he had lived in retirement as titular Archbishop of Scitapolis, when on Friday evening, August 25th, with the dying day, his life star set and the soul of John Lancaster Spalding went forth to meet its God.

As Prelate and preacher, as worker and writer, as educationist and administrator, the first Bishop of Peoria had few equals among the English speaking Catholic Hierarchy. Catholic education was ever a cause dear to his heart and to his efforts as in great measure due the founding of a National Amrican Catholic University. His sermons and his writings are marked by grace of style as well as by deep piety and wide evudition. A critic has said of his works: "At all time and in all his writings he was interesting, he was instructive, he was timely, he was true."

In Bishop Spalding the blood of the old Caveliers ever told, and the kindness, the culture and the polish of the true gentleman were always manifested by him, even in his dealings with the humblest. He was true to the best traditions of an ancient line and as a great Christian gentleman, even as he was a great ecclesiastic and a finished scholar, he has left a bright and fair example for the Bishops and clergy of the United States.

The Catholic Church in Maine

The treaty of Utrecht had been signed by the plenipotentiaries of France and England on the 30th of March, 1713; the provisions of this peace pact had been ratified by the Indian allies of France in a conference held at Portsmouth, July 11, of this same year, and again a few days later at Casco. Seven years had now passed by, and the Indians on the whole had abided the conditions of a treaty which while it had ostensibly transferred them from the suzeraincy of France to that of England, had nevertheless assured them the "liberty of hunting, fishing and fowling, and all other lawful liberties and privileges, as enjoyed on the 11th of August, 1693, "according to their solemnly ratified agreement with Gov. Pips. During this time they had in no way seriously transgressed the provisions of their treaty of peace with their English neighbors, and while they were conscious that the English colonists had not lived up to their sacred promises, the Indian authorities, urged by Father Râle and other missionaries then in Maine, had as we have seen confined their protests to peaceful demonstrations. With dismay they beheld their lands occupied by new settlers, their streams dammed, additional forts erected, their very necessities of life withheld, a price placed on the head of their devoted father in Christ, and a demand made that they drive him from their midst, that they give their affections, and yield up their faith to the strange teachings of another.

Though the ensign of France no longer waved over their villages, the affections of the Indians for their old time friends remained unshaken. "Why are you so strongly attached to the French from whom you can never receive so much benefit as from the English?" was a question one day put to them in conference. "Because," replied an aged sachem, "the French have taught us to pray unto God, which the English never did." Though sorely pressed, the Indians were not prepared to give up the faith taught them by the zealous French missionary, a

faith which they have since treasured as a part of their very existence.

Need we therefore be surprised at their feelings of resentment, as they returned amid the drifting snows of a winter day, to their cabins, and chapel which had just been ransacked by a band of New England marauders; for we must remember that notwithstanding repeated acts of provocation had been hurled against them by the English, no authorized attack has as yet been made on a single English settler. The Westbrook expedition to Narantsouac was therefore unwarranted, and the plundering of Father Râle's humble home, an act in every respect worthy of thieves and vandals. We see no way in which we may justify Col. Westbrook's visit to Norridgewock, any more than we can justify his going to the cabin home of Sebastian Râle to ransack his private papers, to carry away all that should have been sacred between honorable men, to confiscate the work of many a toilsome weary year, the missionary's Indian dictionary. Most unreasonable would it be to suppose that the savages remained unresentful at the provocations thus heaped upon them, at the acts of vandalism directed against the person of their much loved missionary. "They left him," remarks Charlevoix, "without provisions, and he suffered much from the want of all things, till the Jesuits at Quebec, informed of the extremity to which he had been reduced, had an opportunity to supply his wants." In other words, if they could not capture the hated Jesuit missionary dead or alive, thus to win the price of five hundred pounds which had been placed on his head, they did the next best which was to plunder the few bare necessities of life allotted the heroic Râle, thus to leave him to starve and perish amid the winter rigors of a Maine forest.

Our historian Williamson does not mention the author from whom he quotes an excellent summary of the feeling of the Indians at the ugly situation now forced upon them. Both French and English had come to them from across the sea; both had been kindly received, and the simple forest children could not consequently help contrasting the treatment which they had received at the hand of the two nationalities. "Frenchmen," said the Indians, "speak and act in our behalf. They feed us with the good things we need and they make us

presents. They never take away our lands. No, but their kind missionaries come and tell us how to pray, and how to worship the Great Spirit. When the day is darkened by clouds, our French brother gives us counsel. In trade with them we have good articles, full weight, and free measure. Indians and white men have one great Father." Looking on the magnificent rivers that wash the soil of Maine, that gave them food and a passage way from the inland lakes to the mighty ocean shore, the Indian well exclaimed: "He has given every tribe of us a goodly river which yields us fine salmon, and other fish. Their borders are wide and pleasant. Here the Indian from the oldest time, have hunted the bear, the moose, the beaver." Amid the association of the generations past and gone, he could well say: "It is our own country, where our fathers died, where ourselves and our children were born;—we can never leave it. The Indian has rights and loves good as well as the Englishman;—yes, and we have sense, too, of what is kind and great. When you first came from the morning waters, we took you into our open arms;—we thought you children of the sun;—we fed you with our best meat. Never went a white man cold and starving from the cabin of an Indian. Do we not speak the truth?

"But you have returned us evil for good." The untutored savage could well recall his former condition even amid the ruins of his manhood, wrecked by the evil associations of his white brother. "You put the flaming cup to our lips; it filled our veins with poison; it wasted the pride of our strength. Ay, and when the fit was on us, you took advantage—you made gains of us." How well he then remembered the admonitions of the missionary, his ceaseless war against the deadly 'fire water' brought by civilized man for the corruption, and the undoing of a race noted for its sobriety, a race which now saw naught of its former virtue of temperance save here and there a bright shining example of one who had learned from his Catholic missionary, to know, love, and practice the Christian virtues. While on the other hand, the result of English intrigue was only too apparent. "You have made," continues the same summing up of existing conditions, "our beaver cheap; then you paid us in watered rum and trifles,—we shed your blood,—we avenged your affronts. Then you prom-

ised us equal trade and good commodities. Have Christian Englishmen lived up to their engagements? Never,—for they asked leave of our father to dwell in the land, as brothers. It was freely granted. The earth is for the life and range of man." The Indian could never understand transfers of ownership in vogue among his white brethren, hence, "we are now told the country spreading far from the sea, is passed away to you forever,—perhaps for nothing—because the names and seals of our dagamores. Such deeds be far from them. They never turned their children from their homes to suffer. Their hearts were too full of love and kindness—their souls too great. Whither should we go? There is no land so much our own—none so dear to us. Why flee before our destroyers? We fear them not—sooner far, we'll sing the war song—and again light up the council fires; so shall the great spirit of our fathers own their sons.

"To take our lands from us, the English lawmakers and rulers themselves as some folks tell us, have long ago forbidden you. All the forts and mills built again, are contrary to the treaty, and must be laid low. The white man shall give more place to the Indians,—so shall the lines and extent, we require to see established, be where we please to have them."

From the Indian's standpoint, the injustices heaped upon him were many, and while Father Râle together with many of the fair minded New Englanders did their best to quench the fires of war now breaking out, there appeared to be no alternative save an appeal to the sword, for the colonists would not cease their encroachments on what had long been the undisputed rights of the Indian who had now determined to defend to the last the homes of his kindred, or let his ashes sleep in honor amid their ruins.

The council fires were again lit, and the war songs sung through the Huron and Abenaquis villages, and to Narantsouac as of yore came the braves from Lorette, from Pannawamske, from the lodges on the Androscoggin, from far away Quebec for the great council which was to inspire the children of a down trodden race to make a last effort for the redemption of their ancestral homes. Though responsible for the crisis, the New England authorities seemed to dread another clash with the Indian of Maine, hence early in the year 1722 an invitation

was sent the tribes to attend another conference, but the die was now cast, an appeal to arms was to be taken, and the message was consequently treated with derision. "The attempt to seize their holy Father," says Williamson, "had opened a deep and bleeding wound," or as another author states, "the repeated wrongs committed by the English were too great to be borne."

The long gathering storm soon broke, but for a time until goaded to extremes, the Indians were disposed to follow the humane counsels of their great missionary, in avoiding the shedding of human blood. Their first act of violence took place on the Kennebec on or near the northern head of Merrymeeting bay. On June 13, 1722, a war party from the upper Kennebec met another body of warriors from the Androscoggin, twenty canoes in all carrying about sixty braves, fell upon a little Irish settlement of nine families, destroyed their homes and dispersed their stock. No injury however was done to the inhabitants who with the exception of five to be held as hostages, were allowed to proceed on their way to the neighboring settlements. Damariscove was next visited. Here a small party boarded a fishing vessel then at anchor in the offing. Their design seemed to have been to punish but not to kill, but the sailors, whom the Indians were castigating, suddenly broke away from their bonds, and fired upon the attacking savages, mortally wounding two, and throwing another overboard. The Indians next appeared before the walls of Fort George which they endeavored to carry by storm, but the works proved too strong for the resources of the assailants, who even though reinforced by a larger party, were obliged after a seige of twelve days to abandon the enterprise.

In the meantime, Aug. 8th, 1722, war had been proclaimed by the governor and council, and preparations were being made to prosecute the contest with vigor, but as Williamson tells us: "Both in and out of the legislature, there were men, who doubted whether a war upon the natives would be right or even justifiable. For said they: "Not to mention the waste of blood and treasure always incident to this arbitrament in the last resort,,—we have been derelict, both as to moral and stipulated duties. We have not performed our engagements towards the Indians in the establishment of trading houses, and the preventions of frauds and extortions, according to our treaty

promises. The measures of strong drink dealt to them are a scandal to our religion, and a reproach to our country." However the resolution of July 25th, declaring the eastern Indians traitors and robbers passed by the Governor and Council was confirmed by the General Court and war duly proclaimed.

Expeditions were at once organized against the Indian posts on the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers; pensions were promised to all who might be wounded and as Abbott says, "we blush to add that a bounty of fifteen pounds was offered for the scalp of every Indian boy of twelve years and upwards." The bounty for an Indian scalp was according to Bancroft afterwards raised to one hundred pounds; we have at the same time to remember that a princely offer had already been made to any one who would bring Father Râle dead or alive to Boston.

The zealous missionary, now decrepit with years of privation had no thought of leaving his post. The salvation of his people was dearer to him than life itself, but well knowing the resources that would be organized against his feeble hamlet, he deemed it prudent to counsel the greater part of his faithful parishioners to seek the peace and tranquility of the Catholic villages of St. Francis and Becancourt, for he well knew that there could be but one result once the war had broken out in earnest. "We are willing to leave our homes on the Kennebec," replied his devoted children, "but only on condition that you come with us." "That would be impossible," replied the aged priest; "I must remain for the sake of the old and the infirm; they all need the consolations of my holy office; I care not for life, and will gladly lay it down here in the faithful fulfillment of those duties which God has imposed on me. For a long time this has been the goal of my heartfelt wishes; but for you, there is no reason why you should remain, especially when such a course means almost certain death." Many followed the prudent advice of their noble pastor, and left in the summer of 1722 to seek the more promising security of the Indian villages on the Chaudiere and the great St. Lawrence. The day of their departure was in truth a sorry one for Narantsouac. A gloomy foreboding seemed to pervade the minds of all that their adieus were final, and we should easily realize that these feelings came home to none with greater force than to the great Christian heart of Sebastian Râle. As

he shrived his faithful children in Christ for the last time, and gave them the ever adorable Sacrament of the altar, he doubtlessly addressed to them words of cheer and love supreme. He spoke to them of the sacrifices essential for the preservation of their holy faith; the necessity of final perseverance, that they might again meet on the Eternal shores. The whole assembly was moved to tears, and who shall presume to describe or measure the feelings that welled up in the soul of this truly devoted pastor, as he saw his own in the Lord start on their journey up the Kennebec towards the homes of their Canadian kindred.

Time and again, the Jesuit superior, Father de la Chasse had counseled his devoted priest to exercise the greatest care for his personal safety, and not on any account to jeopardize a life so essential to the spiritual well being of his flocks; he had even strongly urged him to withdraw for a while until the approaching storm had spent its force, but the great chieftain of the rights of the Indian people could not think of deserting them in their hour of supreme distress. Permitted by Father de la Chasse to follow his own judgment and the promptings of a heart overflowing with zeal for the salvation of souls, the words of St. Paul, "I count not my life dear unto myself, so I may finish with joy the ministry which I have received," came to him with all the force of their utterance by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, giving all the strength necessary for carrying out a determination long since taken. Like the soldier who has chosen to conquer or die on the firing line, Sebastian Râle thus replied to his superior: "My precautions have long since been taken; God has confided this little flock to my unworthy pastoral care; I must share their lot, only too happy if in so doing, I may be permitted to lay down my life for their salvation."

Father Râle realized only too clearly that his people could not hope to win in their unequal contest with the English, unless they received some assistance from their French friends on the St. Lawrence, and with the doom of his little flock already impending, we can hardly blame the heroic missionary, if he sought aid from his fellow countrymen at Quebec, but this was hardly possible, since France and England were now at peace, and the French, while always eager for an alliance

with the Indians of Maine, whenever they chanced to be at war with England, were not so anxious to hold out a helping hand to their former allies in this their supreme hour of trial.

In open warfare, or in the field, the Indians were fairly equal to the task of holding their own with their English adversaries, but they were powerless against any of the many forts that had been erected on their lands, as was indicated by their futile attacks on Fort George at Thomastown and on the fort at Arrowsick, where they appeared in battle array early in September, 1722, only to be driven off by the forces of Capt. Penhallow then in command at Georgetown.

Two large expeditions were planned by the English authorities, to carry the war into the very heart of the Indian tribes, one against the settlements on the Penobscot, and the other against Norridgewock, both being under the command of Col. Westbrook, now in chief command of the eastern forces.

Setting out from the Kennebec, February 11, 1723, Westbrook led his forces along the coast as far as Mount Desert, returning thence, he ascended the Penobscot, to anchor on March 4th, it is supposed in Marsh Bay. It does not appear that they were very certain as to where they might find the Indian encampment, for we are given to understand that they went ashore from their place of anchorage, and marched through the woods for five days, arriving finally opposite the islands where they expected to surprise their adversaries. This would indicate that the settlement at Pentagoet or Castine had been abandoned for the safer site farther up the river, then known as Pannawamské, which according to Westbroke's report was reached on the evening of March 9th, 1723. Finding this village which was a substantial one, deserted, the commander ordered the torch to be applied, and the whole settlement, including the spacious Chapel, "handsomely and well finished both within and without," was soon reduced to ashes. With them went the dwelling house of Father Lajuverjat, then pastor of the Catholic Indians on the Penobscot. "We set fire to them all," remarks Westbrooke in his report, "and by sunrise next morning, they were in ashes."

The expedition for the capture of Father Râle at Narantsouac was not so successful. Knowing that the Indians kept a close watch on the movements of their English neighbors on the

lower Kennebec, it was decided to send the attacking force up the Androscoggin so that they might cross over and come down the valley of the Sandy river which would bring them directly opposite the Indian village of Narantsouac.

Starting from Brunswick, under the command of Captain Harmon, February 10th, 1723, the soldiers, to the number of 120, enthusiased doubtless by the prospective harvest of Indian scalps, "proceeded up the Androscoggin," as Williamson tells us, "to the curve nearest the sources of the Sandy River; and here they came to a halt. January had been very mild and rainy, the rivers were open and icy, and the lands full of water; therefore it was concluded, that it would be impossible to reach the place of destination, either by land or water, and the soldiers, dividing into scouts, returned without seeing an Indian," thus came to naught the second winter expedition planned for the capture of Sebastian Râle.

Catholic Literature

In the early days of the Church in America, books treating on Catholic doctrine, Church history, or other kindred subjects which serve to edify and upbuild the Christian mind, were not as common as they are today, any more than were our Catholic people favored with an abundance of matter, both inspiring and instructive which is now theirs through the medium of our many well edited, numerous Catholic magazines and weekly papers, which alive on all the issues of the day, keep their readers informed on matters of faith and morals, as well as on the important affairs of the world.

In the years when the first Bishop of Boston used to journey through Maine, few were the books appearing on the shelves of our first Catholic homes that treated of our holy faith, and the few that were there, showed evidences of long and frequent use. Catholic publishing houses were then unknown or yet in their infancy, and our first Catholic paper had yet to appear. The form of instruction now in use among Catholic children, our Catechism had not yet been authorized. To teach the children of Catholic parents here and there, a few rudiments of their parents' faith, the good Bishop was accustomed

to write out a simple explanation of the mysteries of the Catholic religion for the individual families, some of which publications are yet preserved as sacred heirlooms by the surviving members of our historic Catholic families. With the simple and unsullied faith of the age, with nothing to fear except the open and frank attack of heresy, little else was necessary, and the Catholic child as a rule learned his religion sufficiently well to give a reasonable answer to any objection that might be raised against the faith which he professed. But in these days when the attacks are many and insidious, the conditions of the heroic age of the Church in our country no longer suffice, and every child of the Church must consequently aim to learn not alone the sense of the little catechism now so common, but should have at hand a goodly number of the many books on faith and morals that are today on sale in our many Catholic book stores, to say nothing of other stores which aim to satisfy the wants of their Catholic patrons.

God provides the weapons for His children in every age, no matter what may be the methods of the enemy of salvation. Whatever may be the attempts made against them, the assaults on their faith and morals, the Divine grace and safeguards are always available. So that in our day, when this great so called educational warfare is being waged against the Church, when our public school system, our libraries, our educational institutions, our houses of public amusement are all being used in that great worldwide effort which the powers of darkness are making for the destruction of man's belief and hope in a hereafter, it is more than ever essential that every child of the Church be thoroughly grounded in that knowledge of the faith which will enable him to sift the true from the false, and to see through the wiles of an enemy who never sleeps.

In days when every virtue is being attacked, when open and proclaimed assault is being made on the very foundations of the Christian home, when the most sacred obligations are being questioned, and everything possible being done to drag the world down to a condition worse than that which brooded over creation on that happy night when Christ came to bless and brighten human conditions, it is more than ever necessary that Catholic literature abound in our Catholic homes and that the same be read and reread, so that Catholic principles which

after all are the only ones, because they have been given to the Church by God, may sink so deeply into the human heart, so prone to err, and thereby frustrate the fondest hopes of an evil generation.

To pull man down from the lofty and sublime eminence on which he has been placed by a kind and loving Creator, every, justly so called, modern blessing is being used. Poison is placed in our libraries where we find multitudes of apparently harmless books, whose real aim is to sap the faith of the believer, in a quiet, but nevertheless sure way; in our public press, the amount of filth that is being unfolded and read even by children of the tenderest years, is amazing; from the pulpits of our Protestant churches, we hear truths that have always been held as sacred by both Protestant and Catholic, called into question by men, who even though they may not realize it, are nevertheless doing the work of the unbeliever just as effectively as he could do it himself; in our public theatres, pictures are being shown, vices depicted, virtues derided which render them in every sense of the word a menace to the temporal and spiritual well being of the community.

To meet the great forces of iniquity that are now being marshalled against Christian revelations and the Church of the living God, something more than mere blind faith is necessary, especially since all the truths of Divine revelation are questioned and doubt thrown on their veracity.

The Catholic young man or woman who goes forth from the sheltering influences of a God fearing home, should be armed from head to foot, in other words, know his religion from the beginning to the end, a knowledge which can only be acquired by the constant perusal of a literature whiose aims and purposes are Christian.

His daily handbooks should be both doctrinal and devotional; doctrinal that he may understand the truths of his holy faith, and be able to give an intelligent explanation of his belief; devotional, that he may love and revere his faith above all else, that he may find in it that consolation which the world and all its pleasures can never give.

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